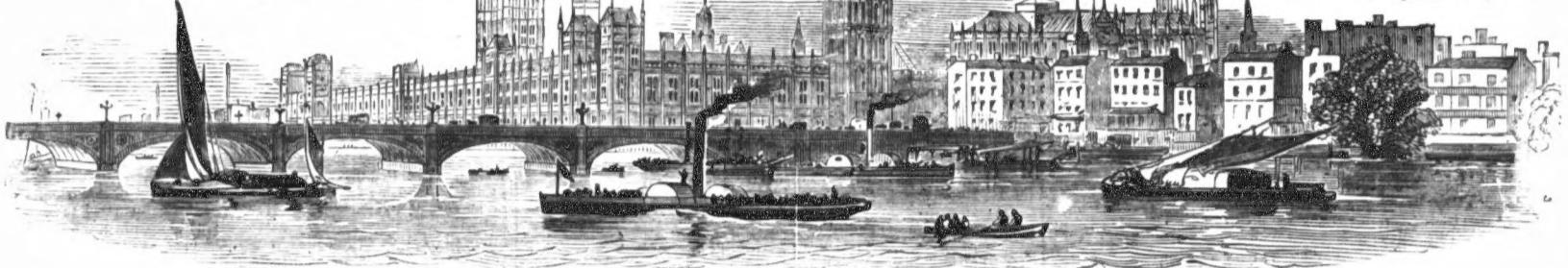


John Dicks 813 Strand

PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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ONE PENNY.



SCENE FROM THE DRAMA OF "POUL-A-DHOIL" AT THE BRITANNIA THEATRE. (See page 298.)

Notes of the Week.

DR LANKESTER held an inquest at Saturday at the Clerkenwell workhouse, on the body of Edward Hall, aged fifty-eight, of No. 19, Little Warner street. The deceased was found lying dead in his bed several days after his death. The nephew of the deceased, Thomas Gaskin, deposed that he last saw his uncle on the 16th ult., when he complained of the gout, and was very low-spirited. On the Thursday witness was told by Mrs. Waite, sister of the deceased that his uncle was not to be found. He proceeded to the house in Little Warner-street, and found deceased's door locked and the key inside. He immediately fetched a constable and broke open the door, and found deceased lying on his right side. He believed that if he died a violent death it was by his own hands. Deceased had been in very low spirits lately, and had taken to drinking. It appeared that the deceased must have cut his throat, got into bed, and covered himself carefully up. The body was much decomposed. The coroner said the case was a most remarkable one; but, looking at the whole of the facts, he did not think they could return any other verdict than that the deceased committed suicide whilst in an unsober state of mind. A verdict was returned accordingly.

An inquest was held at Bromton on Saturday on the body of Mrs. Ann Whitcher, aged seventy-six, residing in Chapel-place. The deceased was a widow lady, under the care of a nurse, and on the previous Wednesday night she left her sleeping apartment and wandered about the upper part of the house, as she had done before. On the Thursday morning a young man heard a heavy fall, and when he looked into the street saw the deceased lying on the pavement. A surgeon was called to, but the deceased, who had sustained a dislocation of the spine column, expired in half an hour afterwards. The deceased had walked out of one of the windows on the second floor, as the flower pots were found removed, and the window wide-open. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

An atrocious offence was committed on Sunday morning on the railway near to Wolverhampton. On the south side of the Great Western Railway Station near to that town, the systems of the Great Western and the West Midland units, and there are the ordinary junction signals; one set of them work from a signal box, the component of which through the intervening of a bridge cannot at all times see the lights and the arms respectively. At a certain time, between two and four in the morning, two trains pass the junction in opposite directions at nearly the same time, but are prevented from colliding by the signals of one or other of the lines being kept up at danger. On Sunday morning the Great Western train passed the signal by which it was regulated down, and the driver therefore brought his train on; but he perceived that the West Midland signal was down also. On passing the box of the signaller he called his attention to the subject. The signaller then found that he could not work the levers of the signals in question; on examination he discovered that some had been operating upon the lamps without entering the signaller's box, put the signs of no man at safety; and to keep them in that position had so hung the weights at the base of the signal posts that the levers could not be worked in the box. Suspicion rests upon a discharged servant.

On Monday, Dr. Lankester resumed an adjourned inquiry respecting the death of a young single woman named Caroline Milner, who, it may be remembered, was found dead in her bed in a lodging-house at 24, Little Drummond-street, St. Pancras. From certain documents found in her possession, and particularly a letter, in which she addressed a Mr. Mill, a tradesman in Westminster, in whose service she had been, of having been instrumental in the trouble which had come to her, she had either taken poison, it was believed, or had it administered to her. The Coroner said one of the grounds of their adjournment was to ascertain if she was *en cesteint*. Although the latter had proved not to be the case, still there was evidence that she had had children. Dr. George Herlin having been sworn, said that on the 30th of September last he received three jars containing portions of deceased's lungs, liver, heart, &c. It was his opinion that she had died from syncope brought on by a gradual failure of the heart's action, the in turn being brought on by worry and anxiety of mind. Mr. Mill said he had known deceased four or five years. She had had two children by him, but they were both stillborn. They had no desire that she should go away, and when he talked about doing so, his wife told her not to be so foolish. She asked him for some money to go to Manchester, where she had some friends, and he gave it her, thinking she was going away for a few days. She was very strange at times, and some of his friends would say that she was fitful and unwell. Mrs. Anne Mill, a witness of the last witness, said she last saw deceased the Saturday following her death, and had known her two or three months. Had no idea that she should go away. On the contrary, she treated her as a companion. Had no idea that she had lived with her husband since she had happened, and only considered her as her husband's friend. She was in the habit of drinking, and frequently said she would go mad, or die in a fit. When she went away friends of deceased who were going to see some friends at Manchester, and when it was heard where she was she went to see her, fearing she was leaving. The Coroner said the singular part of the case was, that the deceased might have threatened to commit suicide. The impression conveyed by the letter was that she had been ill-treated. After the evidence, however, there could be no doubt that the deceased had not taken any poison. The jury ultimately returned a verdict, "that the deceased Caroline Milner was found dead, and that death arose from natural causes."

SHOCKING ACCIDENT TO A SCHOOL BOY.—On Monday an inquest was held at Guy's Hospital, over Mr. Payne, in the body of Charles William Palmer, aged twelve years. Leah Palmer, the mother of the deceased, wife of a basket-maker, residing at 23, Kent-street, said the boy left home at two o'clock on the afternoon of the 6th instant, to go to the parochial school of the Trinity district of St. Mary, Newington. On that afternoon about four o'clock she heard her child was at the hospital, when he stated that the master had sent boys to call on the doctor. After having done so, he ran about getting dressed, when one of the boys, for a game, recov'd a step-ladder into the school-room (at 10 a.m.) in trying to get down slipped and fell on some spikes. Harry Lovett, the boy's master, was examined, and a part of the parochial school of the Trinity, and appeared deeply to feel the result of his having removed the steps. Mr. O. P. Luke, house surgeon, said that deceased received a very severe wound in the region, which caused internal bleeding and inflammation of the body, from which he died on the 15th inst. Eventually a verdict of "natural death" was returned.

ALARMING ACCIDENT AT THE LICK RACES.—On Monday afternoon, about ten minutes past six, during racing at the first race, and while the people were getting on the grand stand, a noise was heard and all of a sudden the greater part of the edifice came down with a tremendous crash carrying with it number of great men, and burying in the ruins several ladies who were having a refreshment in the enclosure behind, which had been erected by Mr. Weston, of the Talbot Hotel, Cork. One gentleman had his right tooth all loose, and his hand was cut off. There was a struggle out after some little trouble. A large quantity of glass, paper, &c., were destroyed. Mr. H. C. Moore, the Master of the Enclosure,

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

The following details relating to a murder committed in the neighbourhood of Paris are given by the *Siecle*:—"A foreigner of distinction, enjoying a pension from the British Government, but of French extraction, M. Thomas Lavergne, ex-commissary and civil officer of the Mauritius, has just been assassinated near Argenteuil. M. Lavergne, who was returning to the Mauritius, arrived from London at one o'clock on Thursday morning, his intention being to embark at Marsilles in the next packet. At the departure of the train from London, M. Lavergne was found, in the same carriage with himself, an individual who exhibited his acquaintance during the journey, and who came to visit him at his hotel in Paris, at about three o'clock in the afternoon of the day of their arrival. He was then seen to go out with the stranger, and three hours after his corpse, horribly mangled, and completely denuded, was found near the mills of Argenteuil. Although seventy-eight years old, M. Lavergne was endowed with great muscular strength, and the struggle with the murderer must have been terrible. He had received three deep wounds in the throat, one of which nearly severed the head from the body; his hand was literally hacked to pieces, and many of the fingers entirely cut off. An investigation has been commenced."

The frigates Eldorado, Gomer, Mogador, and Labrador, are being fitted out to proceed to Civita Vecchia, where they will meet on the 1st November in order to embark 3,700 French troops, infantry a cavalry.

SPAIN.

A Madrid letter of the 10th says, that as soon as the Queen learned that the capital was infected by the cholera, she expressed a determination to return to the palace at Madrid. "It is believed, however, that the ministers, who all arrived here this morning, will exert all their influence to induce her Majesty to depart from her generous determination. This would be the first time that the Queen was at Madrid in the midst of dangerous epidemics; but at present day, the state of her Majesty having been officially declared, one might almost venture to say that a regard for her own safety is not the only consideration which would induce her to remain with her children at La Granja until such time as residence in the capital shall not present any sort of danger. There is no doubt that the 70,000 persons who, flying from places infected, or supposed to be so, have taken refuge in Madrid, have brought with them the germs of the malady, and among them also have been found the first victims. The authorities have taken in advance all the necessary precautions to combat the epidemic immediately on its appearance. The barracks and colonies have been relieved of a portion of their dense population, and spacious localities have been prepared with medical posts in different quarters of the city. The ministers of the interior and of war, the Duke de Sesto, civil governor, the members of the medical body and of the clergy, those of the provincial deputations and of the municipality, have followed the example of self-sacrifice given by the President of the Council, and have visited the hospitals. The sisters of charity have offered the succour of their young novices in cases where their own number should prove insufficient. By virtue of all these measures hopes are entertained of mastering the pestilence."

AMERICA.

The President, without yet declaring a general amnesty, has adopted a system of pardoning which very closely approaches it. He now grants pardons to the Southern people at the rate of 300 or 400 a day, and though he has not yet pardoned any of the military officers, he has given orders that no one unpardoned is to be molested. A facsimile of his signature has been engraved, and is affixed to the pardon blanks by clerks. Very little examination is now made into the character of the applicant, and the mere presentation of an humble petition seems sufficient to secure a pardon. The pardon carries with it immunity from prosecution. All estates are restored to their owners upon the exhibition of the pardon, and in Richmond, where nearly every man's property has been seized, the repudiation of the President's orders and most agreeable change of demeanour is very great. The Royalist courts are now kept busy in restoring confiscated property to the owners.

Petitions for the pardon of Jefferson Davis are sent to the President from all parts of the South. Every Southern Convention has asked that clemency be extended towards him. In some places, however, the military authorities are not pleased at these exhibitions of friendliness for the great captive, and at Lynchburg, Virginia, the commanding officer recently dispersed a meeting that had assembled to petition for his release. The expressions of feeling all over the south show the sincerest sorrow for Mr. Davis's misfortunes.

General Lee has quietly begun his duties as President of Washington College at Lexington, Virginia, although he will not be formally installed until October next.

Some sensation has been created in America by the publication of a long article in *Harper's Magazine* by Colonel Jordan, former chief of staff to General Davis, and his career as president of the confederacy. It is the first revelation we have had from an authentic source of what passed whilst the scenes, and during the halcyon days of the Confederacy; and the picture drawn of Jefferson will not be gratifying to the admiring. He is represented as having been in the full swing of the downfall of the Confederacy, owing to his arroga... and callous indifference with the military operations, and the mutual animosity characterized all his official appointments. Colonel Jordan, who has been for many years in civil life, and who had the reputation among his neighbours of being slightly crazy, colonel-in-chief, and kept him in that position during the whole war, in spite of his profound incapacity, solely because he had been a surgeon in the same regiment with himself in early life, and had rendered him some service. He is charged with having appointed and displaced the highest generals in the service except Lee, whose popularity was too great to allow him to be rid of, with motives of personal ill-will or dislike. His planed, it is said, and overruled campaign in Richmond, and was personally responsible for some of the most tremendous disasters of the war, such as Hood's expedition to Tennessee; and he is declared to have been opiniated to a degree that placed him beyond the reach of either advice or remonstrance. All the military and civil chiefs of the Confederacy, except Davis, were, Colonel Jordan says, sensible long before the war closed, that the cause was lost. But Davis refused to see it, and went on issuing his edicts and manifestoes as if he had still a empire at his back. The *New York Herald*, in a leading article on the *Marsee* document, says:—

"The ideas we have put forward in regard to an international congress to settle the vexed questions which perplex both continents are beginning to attract that attention in Europe which the importance of the subject deserves. European statesmen are beginning to understand that the solution of the Mexican difficulty is only postponed. Easy see in the tone of American journals, in the temper of the American people, and in the reply of President Johnson to the Brazilian minister and others, undoubted evidences of the vitality of the Monroe doctrine, and they look forward with anxiety to the period when it shall be practically enforced. We have already informed the public that the forthcoming message of the President will take the most emphatic ground in regard to this subject, as may be needful, and that it will probably force an immediate settlement of the纠纷 in one way or the other. President Johnson, as far as we can perceive, is in full sympathy with the Emperor of

Mexico, and he will insist that the impostor who calls himself by that name shall either withdraw voluntarily from the country, whose Government he has usurped, or be compelled to withdraw as speedily as veterans can make him."

The *Herald* often becomes very warlike on the topic of the resources of the United States, and concludes as follows:—

"The Government respects the will of the people, and obeys it when it is right; but not even in regard to the Mexican question, where the people are clearly correct in their views, will it sacrifice one iota of its dignity by hasty haste, or one tittle of its claim to civilized humanity by engaging in a war before it has given its opportunity every chance to settle the difficulty peacefully and satisfactorily. But while we press our ideas of an international congress upon the consideration of European statesmen, we take occasion to warn them that our patience may be taxed too long and too far; that we are perfectly prepared for war as well as for peace; and that in any event, by diplomatic means, or by the sterner methods of a general conflict, the Monroe doctrine must and shall be enforced, and Maximilian must and shall relinquish his illegitimate throne in Mexico."

THE LATE AND THE PRESENT PRESIDENT.

The following is from a New York letter:—"Mr. Johnson's character differs from that of his predecessor in as great a degree as the two Presidents differed in personal experience, and in his behaviour he is quite as dissimilar. Mr. Lincoln openly admitted that he was controlled by events; Mr. Johnson endeavours to control events. Mr. Lincoln always sought the opinions of the friends and opponents of particular line of policy before venturing to make an experiment. Mr. Johnson acts without consulting the views of other people; as an instance in point, I may say that his order to General Sherman, commanding in Mississippi, instructing him not to interfere with the work of reorganizing the militia, was sent off without the knowledge of any Cabinet Minister, although it was a direct rebuke to Stanton. Mr. Lincoln habitually illustrated political positions by short and sometimes peculiar stories; Mr. Johnson never resorts to anecdote as a means of quickening comprehension. Mr. Lincoln invariably addressed his associates in a familiar manner, rarely prefixing the title 'Master' to the names of persons with whom he instituted intimate relations; and even close acquaintances were saluted as 'Brown,' 'Jones,' or 'Robinson,' as the case might be. Mr. Johnson is remarkable for his notions of etiquette and dignity in his intercourse with the sovereign people. When Mr. Lincoln received a friend or acquaintance, he invariably assumed an attitude which—if carelessness be grace—was certainly very graceful; one knee was thrown over the other, one hand continually caressing the uppermost limb, and one substantial foot swaying backward and forward like the pendulum of a clock, while the whole upper portion of the body swayed to and fro with mathematical regularity. Mr. Johnson, during an interview with any member of his vast constituency, sits bolt upright, both feet firmly planted upon the floor, the hands generally in an easy position, but motionless, saving upon those occasions when he becomes very much interested in the topic of discussion, when he sometimes plays with a pen or paper-holder, or drums upon his chair on the table. The President is also marked in conversation by a peculiarity noticed in James Buchanan, an inclination of the head towards the left shoulder. Mr. Lincoln's language was sometimes emphatic and sometimes peculiar, but his gestures, either in a public speech, or in mere private discussions, were few. Mr. Johnson's language is frequently, not only emphatic, but quite unevangelical, and he occasionally marks some strong 'point' by a hearty thwack with his clenched fist upon a convenient table or stamp upon the floor. Certainly Andrew Johnson has, by his various actions, completely upset all our preconceived notions of his character and probable policy. No one now attempts to call him a 'drunken boor' or a 'swinish tellor,' although, to be sure, the Radicals begin to splutter out 'Demagogue.'"

THE GAMBLING MANIA.

A BADEN-BADEN correspondent of the *Daily News* relates the following anecdote:—

"Not many years ago, a gentleman, whose prospects were brighter than his possessions were large, and whose family were too numerous to be adequately rested and educated on either, left England and took a house at a German watering-place. He did not purposely choose one which contained a gaming house, but did so for the sole reason of its being a town in which both provisions and house-rent were very moderate in price. He knew nothing of gaming, having never staked a coin in his life. Like his neighbours, he entered the rooms in order to see what they were like, and to witness the infatuated gamblers. A judicious and experienced friend warned him against being anything but a disinterested spectator. The advice was not in good part, but considered it as superfluous. But for him, as for most men, from Adam downwards, temptation frequently renewed proves to the long run quite irresistible. He succumbed, and became a constant frequenter of the rooms. To renewed warnings against allowing himself to be led away by a delusion which might become his ruin he turned a deaf ear. He could afford to laugh to scorn the counsels of prudence, seeing that every evening he returned homewards a richer man than when he entered the room in the morning. He was sensible enough to invest the greater portion of his winnings in furniture for a home he proposed to occupy on returning to England. One day the friend who had advised him not to play at all, came and begged him to sit on the green tables for that day at least. The reason given was that he had dreamt that the fortunate gambler had lost heavily, and so do an impression had the dream made on him that he put himself to personal inconvenience in order to prefer his request. It need not be said that the warning produced hardly any impression. Agala did the gambler return to the table and again did he leave it a winner. However, no tended to his friend's urgent request to dine with him and spend the evening together. When they were about to part company it was night, and the gaming-house would soon be closed. The desire to add a little more to his bag proved too strong for the fortunate gambler, and he went to the rooms with the intention of leaving them very soon. He remained there till he verified the dream of his friend. Perishing in gaming, he was again saved by fortune. But for a second time the tide turned. He lost in addition to everything he had won much more than he could afford to part with. His sojourn on the Continent entailed the sacrifice of a great portion of his fortune. He returned to England; but instead of sadly nursing his loss by the lesson, he lived in the hope of reviving the curse of his reverse and having it a conqueror.

DEATH OF A VETERAN.—The *Moniteur de l'Armee* announces the death of Colonel Andrew Kennedy, Commander of the Legion of Honour, at Landernes, where he fixed his residence when he retired from the service. Colonel Kennedy was appointed to the command of the 83rd Regiment of the line in 1860, and was indebted for his elevation solely to his own merit. Born at Kidcock, in the county of Kildare, in Ireland, in 1804, he entered the Regiment of Hohenlohe as a private in 1826. He made four campaigns in the Morea and fourteen in Algeria. He particularly distinguished himself in the expedition against Kabylia in 1857, under Marshal Radouan.

A FIRST-RATE WRITING CASE for 2s. (or free by post for 2s. 6d.), fitted with Writing paper, Silver José, Pen and Pencil, *BRONZE-MOUNTED* & THE PRIZE OF TWENTY GUINEAS AND SILVER MEDAL was given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for its utility, durability and cheapness. 1000 sets already sold. To be had of PARSONS and CO., 10, Old Bond-street, and J. T. DODD, 1, Pall-mall.

General News.

THERE are now fifty post towns to which mails are sent from London by the early morning trains; 183 towns to which day mails are sent, and which reach in time for a letter delivered the same day; fifty towns which receive a late day mail in time for a window delivery; ninety-one towns which have a mail communication with London three times daily; fifteen which have four such communication; five which have five communications; and two which have six communications; 396 post towns send day mails to London.

A GENTLEMAN, who will not allow his name to transpire, has sent a donation of £105 to the Orphan Working School, Haverstock-hill, in token of his approval of the action of the committee in receiving forty orphans instead of thirty-five at the present election, and of their intention to receive eighty annually in future. Such help is greatly needed.

A CATTLE drover, named John Barrett, residing at Todmorden, has met his death by leaping from a train in motion on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway. The deceased entered the train in a state of intoxication, and fell asleep. On awaking, he found the train had passed the station at which he desired to stop, and, although travelling at a speed of twenty-five miles an hour, he leaped from the carriage, and, falling down a steep embankment was fatally injured.

We understand that Mr. Dickens, a son of the celebrated novelist, has been appointed to succeed Mr. E. O. Wilkinson as associate to his Honour Mr. Justice Barry.—*Melbourne Argus*.

ARRIVED a long diplomatic residence in Rome, where he arrived while the war between the Northern and Southern States of America was at its height. Monsignor Lynch, Roman Catholic Bishop of Charleston, has taken his departure for his diocese. The bishop's return is accomplished at the express desire of President Johnson, who, far from wishing to molest Dr. Lynch for his connexion with the Southern Government, reckons on his zeal for the pacification of spirits and the reparation of the disasters of war in Charleston.

The Right Hon. the Chancellor of the Exchequer, since he left Scotland to attend the funeral of his sister-in-law, has been staying in privacy at Hawarden Castle, Flintshire. Mrs. and Miss Gladstone are staying at Sir Thomas Gladstone's seat, Fasque, Kincardineshire.

THERE is a man two miles and a half below Newburgh, New York, at a place called New Windsor, who was born August 15, 1751. His name is McCormick. He came to this country in 1846 from Ireland, and is now in his 115th year. He was a rebel in 1798 and has two wounds in his leg. He is well and hearty, with the exception of poor eyesight. He has always lived a very temperate life, using no tea, coffee, or tobacco, and drinking very little water, and never any milk.—*New York Paper*.

It is generally understood that the new parliament will not meet till the third week in January, when the first business will be the election of a Speaker, who, having been presented to the House of Lords on the following day, a week will be allowed for the swearing-in of members. The regular business of the session will not, therefore, commence before the usual time. No opposition is expected to the re-election of the late Speaker.

WE (Galignani) regret to announce the death, at Nice, after a long and painful illness, of Henri Ernest, the eminent violinist. He was born in 1814, at Brunn, in Moravia.

TRAGEDY AT GRAFTON YARMOUTH.

ON Friday, Hendricus Erenshuisen, 20 years of age, was brought before the Yarmouth magistrates, charged with the murder of Albert Hinman, aged twenty-two, at a low house of entertainment called the London Tavern. The prisoner and deceased were respectively ordinary seaman and cook on board the Dutch galliot Secundus, and had been on shore enjoying themselves. The captain of the vessel went to the London Tavern and desired the prisoner to go on board, which he refused to do. The cook Hinman remonstrated with him, and endeavoured to induce him to leave and go on board, when Erenshuisen drew a long knife from his belt and stabbed him to the heart. Evidence of the deed was taken, and the prisoner was formally remanded for a week.

A coroner's inquest was also held on the body of the deceased. One of the chief witnesses called was

Henrik Rizma, the captain of the vessel, who appeared to be a most unwilling witness, identified the body of the deceased, but denied all knowledge of how he came by his death. He remembered going into a room where there were music and dancing on the previous evening between ten and twelve o'clock. He told the prisoner to go on board, and he refused, and witness took him by the collar. As to what took place after that he doggedly refused to say. He saw Hinman dead, but could not say in what house. Witness was not drunk as far as he knew.

Inspector Berry said the witness was drunk.

The jury unanimously considered that the witness was wilfully keeping back the facts, and the coroner at once committed him for contempt of court.

Kren Kickman, ordinary seaman, was then sworn. He deposed that about half-past six o'clock the previous evening the deceased, the prisoner, and he sat to the concert-room of the City of London Tavern, and stayed there during the evening. The captain came in about eight o'clock. About nine o'clock the captain told the prisoners four different times to go on board, and the prisoner said he could not. The prisoner was freshy, but witness and the deceased were sober. Witness then had a glass of beer with the captain. The prisoner and the deceased went out, and he went after them to persuade the prisoner to go on board. He heard and saw no scuffle. At the door he stepped over a man who was lying down. He did not know who he was.

Dr. Stafford, who had been making a post-mortem examination of the body, here entered the room, and produced the heart of the deceased, and showed that it had been stabbed completely through the centre. (Sensation).

Edward Routledge, landlord of the City of London Tavern, said he was in his small bar in his concert-room, about twenty minutes to ten o'clock the previous night. He heard an alteration, and he and his man went forward to quell the disturbance. He found the prisoner and deceased wrestling together. He saw the prisoner put his hand to his side, and then with the same hand suddenly struck the deceased in the breast. The deceased was stooping at the time, and the prisoner struck him an under blow. As soon as deceased was struck he called out, "Oh! oh!" and would have fallen forwards but witness caught him and held him up. Witness also seized the prisoner, and the last witness, Kickman, tried to get him away. The captain also urged the prisoner to make his escape. Witness let go the deceased and clung to the prisoner, and was dragged by him and Kickman down stairs. He was ultimately dragged over to the custody of the police.

The inquiry was then adjourned. The captain promised to attend, and the coroner allowed him to leave.

IMPORTANT TO MOTHERS.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children tea-bag which has been in use in America over thirty years, and very highly recommended by medical men, is now sold in this country, with full directions on each bottle. It is pleasant to take and safe in all cases; it sooths the child, and gives it rest; softens the gums, relieves all pain, relieves wind in the stomach, and regulates the bowels, and is an excellent remedy for dysentery or diarrhoea whether arising from teething or other causes. The tea-bag smells of "Curris and Perkins, New York and London," is on the outside wrapper. Sold by all chemists at 1s. 1d. per bottle. London depot, 208, High Holborn.—[Advertisement]

AN IMPOSING CEREMONY—FUNERAL OF A VOLUNTEER

THE remains of Sergeant Dransfield, R.E., instructor of the 1st Power Haulors Engineers, lately killed while instructing his corps, were consigned to their last resting-place in the Tower Hamlets Cemetery, Bow, on Sunday. On account of the high esteem in which Sergeant Dransfield was held, and in compliance with a very generally expressed wish, the officers in command of the corps to which he was instructor determined that the body should be consigned to the grave with military honours, so as to afford his comrades the melancholy satisfaction of showing their respect for his memory.

The corps assembled on parade at the Millars Barracks, Globe-street, Mile-end, in full-dress uniform, with their band—the drums muffled. Every member of the corps wore a band of crapes on the left arm, midway between the shoulder and the elbow; the grenade on the busby, and the ornament in front of the cross-belt were also covered with crapes. The officers wore a black sash, a band, with a bow of crapes, round the busby, black gloves, and the grenade and sword-knot covered with crapes. The arrangements were carried out under the direction of Captain John A. Coffey, commanding, and Captain and Acting Adjutant Thomas K. Comyn.

The remains were conveyed to the grave on a gun-carriage, drawn by four black horses. The plain black coffin bore the inscription, "William Lewis Dransfield Died October 6th, 1855. Aged 31 years." On being removed from the armoury and placed on the carriage, the coffin was covered with a black pall, edged with white; over this was spread the Union Jack.

The regulars were represented at the funeral by detachments of the Royal Engineers quartered at Oldham and Woolwich under the command of Colonel McCloud, and by the recruiting-staff of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th Dragoon Guards; the 10th, 14th, 15th, and 19th Hussars; the 12th Lancers, and the 6th Dragoons. The Militia was represented by the recruiting-staff of the Middlesex Militia.

As might naturally be expected, the volunteer element was very strongly represented, almost every metropolitan corps sending its complement. The 9th Essex were early on the ground, and were followed by the 9th Power Haulors, under the command of Captain Munro, numbering nearly 200 men.

The procession having been formed, the *cortege* wended its way through Peck-grove, Bethnal-green, the Dog-rose, to the Mile-end road, thence down the Mile-end-road, and to the cemetery, a distance of nearly three miles. The route was lined by thousands of spectators, and, slow as was the progress of the *cortege*, it was several times impeded by the difficulty experienced by the police in clearing the way.

On arrival at the cemetery the procession was met by the Rev. G. M. McGill, M.A., of Christ Church, Watney-street, chaplain to the corps who led the way to the grave, not without extreme difficulty, however, on account of the vast assemblage of persons who had taken positions from which they evinced no inclination to retire, even to make way for the funeral party, which they were compelled by the police. The body was immediately lowered into the grave, and the near friends and relations of the deceased having alighted from the two mourning coaches which conveyed them to the spot, by dint of hard pushing a small circle was formed, and the Rev. Mr. McGill read the burial service. A military salute was fired by a company of deceased's comrades, and

The Rev. McGill then delivered a brief exhortation to the assembly. He spoke of the high esteem in which the deceased man was held, and dwelt upon the kindly and generous disposition which was his chief characteristic. He reminded the men that though they were servants of the Queen they were servants of the King of Kings, exhorting them to be good soldiers of his army. The deceased was stricken whilst at the post of duty; and looking at the honour paid that day to the man so stricken, he trusted it would be an incentive to all to do their duty likewise. He trusted that they would take the sad calamity which had overtaken their friend as a warning of that ever-present death from which there was no awaking but in the presence of God. He hoped they would profit by the lesson which such a calamity was calculated to convey, and that it would be a warning to them to be ever prepared for that future which must one day overtake them. He concluded by exhorting them whilst they mourned their friend not to forget the widow.

THE SUDDEN DEATH OF A FOREIGNER IN BLOOMSBURY.

ON Monday afternoon, Dr. Hardwicke, the deputy coroner for Middlesex, resumed the inquiry at the Albion Tavern, Red Lion-square, into the cause attending the sudden death of a foreign named Philip Jacob Maudie.

According to the evidence taken at the first inquiry it appeared that the deceased had been out with some foreigners the greater part of the day on which he died; that he partook of some dinner, and subsequently wine, soon after which he complained of pains in the stomach, and imagined that he had been poisoned. He afterwards died in a office-house in Orange-street, Red Lion-square. From the sudden nature of the poor man's death, and the expression to which he gave utterance to the effect that he had been poisoned, the coroner adjourned the inquest with the view of giving time for the contents of the stomach to be analysed.

Mr. Carter, from the firm of Mr. Willis, New Inn, was present to watch the case on behalf of the widow of the deceased.

The jury having answered to their names,

The waiter at the hotel in Windmill-street, Haymarket, where it was stated deceased and a foreigner had partaken of some wine and biscuit, said he recollects the deceased and a foreigner alluded to coming to the hotel on Thursday week, the 5th of October. They asked for a bottle of white wine of good quality. The deceased asked for the water-closet before he partook of the wine. He did not appear to be ill. He went a second time to the water-closet before taking any wine. He afterwards partook of the wine they had called for, but he did not drink quite a glassfull. They remained at the hotel about twenty minutes. Witness heard nothing about changing money, nor did he advise him to change any money. They came to the hotel in a cab.

Dr. Gibson the district medical officer of health, stated that he had assisted Dr. Roberts, of Lamb's-conduit-street, in making a post mortem examination; they had analyzed the contents of the stomach and intestines, and had found no trace of poison of any kind. The stomach contained some meat, two-fifths of which consisted of gristle. He could not say that he had had any opinion as to the cause of death, although it had somewhat the appearance of having been caused by accident. The analysis he had made did not lead him to the belief that death had been caused by accident.

At this stage of the proceedings the Coroner said there was no evidence whatever to suppose the deceased had met his death by poison. Dr. Gibson had made a careful analysis, which they might rely upon. He had failed to trace any poison, so that all suspicion at first attached to the case fell to the ground. As was stated in evidence, the deceased's stomach was overcharged with gristle, meat, and other things which might have produced the palus and convulsions with which he was attacked. On the whole he (the learned coroner) was of opinion that the evidence showed death to have arisen from natural causes.

The jury consulted together for a few minutes, and returned a verdict accordingly.

THE ABYSSINIAN CAPTIVES.

MR. STEPHEN has just received the following letter from her unfortunate husband:

"Ambo Magdale, Abyssinia, July 18, 1855.

"My dear Charlotte.—As Captain Cameron is sending to Massowah, I will trouble him to say that we are still in prison and letters. We entreated that Mr. Russell, her Majesty's agent at Massowah, would, by his friendly and conciliatory letters to the King, ere this have opposed his offended pride, and obtained our release from those galling chains. Our anticipations have, however, to our grief, not been realized, and we must still for some time be patient and prayerful expectants of coming deliverance. His Majesty, about ten days ago, wrote to Mr. Russell to come to Abyssinia, and his advent and the delivery of the Queen's letter, we believe, will effect our liberation. To-day I have been in chains twenty-one months, and although during that long bear-wasting existence I have had to submit to flog-torture, and more than once have been obliged to face (apparently) a cruel death, yet I enjoy an infinite satisfaction in the consciousness that by an inflexible Christian firmness I saved others and won influential friends to the cause of missions in Abyssinia. His Majesty since our arrival here has not favoured us even with an *ad passum* inquiry. Placed on a level with murderers, robbers, and other great criminals, our days have rolled on in the usual and monotony of savage prison life. Within the last few days we have, however, experienced something of his Majesty's feelings again: the white prisoners. The cause of this first outburst of indignation is utterly unconnected with our affairs. On the night of the 1st instant Menilek, the Crown Prince of Shoa, and son-in-law to the Negus Theodore, unexpectedly quitted the royal camp, and accompanied by his followers (but not by his young wife), fled to his own country. The King, irritated at the desertion of another powerful prop to his throne, next morning executed all the Galla prisoners; then quarrelled with the Dandip; and at last relieved his obdurate spirit by giving all his Christian captives, besides foot, hand chains also. This act of torturing (which is ascribed to the wise King of Israel) is most cruel torture, particularly when, as in our case, the letters are so short that one is actually unreadable, and unable to move about by day or to stretch one's weary hands by night. There is a report that we are to be released in these abundant hand shackles. I shall be thankful if it prove to be true, as the stooping attitude affords me great pain in the spine. I intended to continue the narrative of our trouble, but I have not a sufficient quantity of paper.

"We expect messengers with provisions, cloths, paper, &c., from Massowah, and on their return I shall send you a long but very sad letter. God bless you all."

"I am your affectionate husband,

"H. A. STEPHEN.

"Send a copy of this to Mr. Goodhart, as it may stimulate the prayers of friends in our behalf."

GALLANT RESCUE OF A SHIP'S CREW.—A little after six o'clock on Friday, the coastguards on the look-out at Dunbar observed a vessel lying among the rocks, near to Whitby Ness, about six miles to the westward of the town, the spot where so many vessels went ashore last year. He immediately gave information to the crew of the life-boat, and in a very short time the whole of the crew were equipped with their jib-boats and the boat launched into the harbour. In the meantime, Mr. Morgan, chief captain of the preventive force, had collected all his men and apparatus, and proceeded by land to the scene of the disaster. As soon as the life-boat had got out of the harbour all sail were speedily dropped on, and in a very short time the vessel was reached. As the wind had veered about to the north-east on the previous day, a tremendous sea was running right upon the land, and the vessel was pitching so fearfully that considerable difficulty was experienced in getting the life-boat near it. It was found impossible to get alongside, and when within a proper distance grappling lines were thrown, by which means a communication was opened up, and the shipwrecked crew, five in number, were drawn through the set ones by one into the boat. The vessel turned out to be the Prussian schooner Patriot, of Barth, near Siet in, in ballast. F. B. Heinen, master and owner bound from Bremen to Leith, and carried five of a crew—four men and a boy. The master reported that they had been out in the North Sea during the whole of the violent storm in the beginning of the week, and had lost every rag of canvas. When they found that they were nearing the shore they had let go both anchors, which, however failed to hold the vessel, and both masts had been cut away. During the time that the life-boat was off on its mission, its progress was watched with eager interest by a large crowd of the townsfolk from the Castle-park; and when it landed the wet and exhausted crew at the Victoria Harbour, the old walls rang again and again with deafening cheers. The crew of the vessel were taken in charge by Lloyd's agents, and kindly attended to. After the life-boat had been launched, one more than the number of the crew was found on board; but Clements, the coxswain, faithful to the rules not to turn back, proceeded to the relief of the vessel, carrying with him the volunteer. This was done down very much in the afternoon; and, after a great deal of difficulty, the vessel was brought, by means of a steam-tug into the new harbour about six o'clock on Friday night.—*Scotsman*.

DROPPED FROM A STEAMER.—A gentleman belonging to Contar Angus, while on his way home from Rotterdam to Leith on the 9th of September, at noon, and when about one hundred miles from the mouth of the Rhine, enclosed his card in a bottle, penning on the back of it that he would pay a sum of money to any one who brought or sent the card to his address. The bottle, carefully corked, was dropped from the steamer Holyrood about twelve o'clock noon of the 9th of September, and on Wednesday morning, the 11th of October, the gentleman received per post the identical note from a fisherman, who had picked it up on the shore near Sizewell Gap, about seven miles north of Orfordness, in the county of Suffolk. The bottle was found about three o'clock on the afternoon of the 5th instant. The gentleman at once transmitted the promised reward to the finder. It is somewhat remarkable that a promissory note placed in such a position should, within a month's time, be presented for payment.—*Dundee Advertiser*.

DEATH OF MR. VINCENT WALLACE.—We deeply regret to announce the death of this eminent lyric composer on the evening of Thursday, the 12th instant, at the Chateau de Bagne, Haute Garonne, Pyrenees, whither he had been removed about a month before from Paris-Passy. Mr. Wallace has for many years been subject to intermittent and frequently dangerous attacks of illness originating in a dropsical tendency, and for the last twelve months has not been able to leave his bed. Reduced to extreme weakness by this long continued confinement, accompanied with almost incessant bodily agony, which he bore with the most admirable fortitude, Mr. Wallace was advised by the eminent French physician, Dr. Boullard, to try the effect of the air of the Pyrenees. This was a last resource, and, as it has proved, an unavailing one. The medical men present on the sad occasion state the immediate cause of death to have been "congestion of the lungs." Mr. Wallace leaves a widow and two young boys. His most successful works were "Maritana" and "Lurline." He leaves a posthumous grand opera in four acts behind him, almost complete, entitled "Estrella," founded on a Spanish romance—i.e., Wallace's favourite genre of operatic subjects. The body will be brought to London this week for interment. The deceased gentleman was fifty-three years of age.—*The Orchestra*.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

Even dear to England should be the name and memory of the gallant naval hero, Nelson, the anniversary of whose death and of the well-fought battle of Trafalgar occurs this day (Saturday). Sixty years have elapsed since the memorable event—the last great blow that was struck against the combined fleets of France and Spain, and which hermetically sealed the ports of both these nations. Never was a prouder triumph achieved by our brave sons; never did the navy of England gain more honour. Though several portraits of Nelson have been published, yet the one we now give is unique in its kind, and extremely characteristic of the brave admiral. It is from a painting by an Italian artist to the king at Palermo, after the battle of the Nile, when the court of Naples displayed so much gratitude to their brave preserver. Some years afterwards it was copied by H. Keymer, of Yarmouth, and in 1800 engraved by John Young, engraver to the then Prince of Wales. The anniversary of Trafalgar induces us to publish the portrait at this time. The position of the hat in the portrait may be accounted for by the cicatrice of the wound on Nelson's forehead being at the time too fresh to bear the pressure. On the 21st of October, 1844, her Majesty the Queen and Prince Albert happened to be at Portsmouth, passing in the state-barge to the Clarence Yard, when her attention was attracted to the Victory, by the circumstance of her being decked out with flags as well as by her firing a salute. Her Majesty asked for an explanation of some of her attendants, and was reminded that it was the anniversary of the battle of Trafalgar. The Queen immediately expressed her intention of going on board the Victory, to which the barge accordingly pulled, and to the surprise, and it may safely be added the delight, of both officers and crew, the foot of royalty was



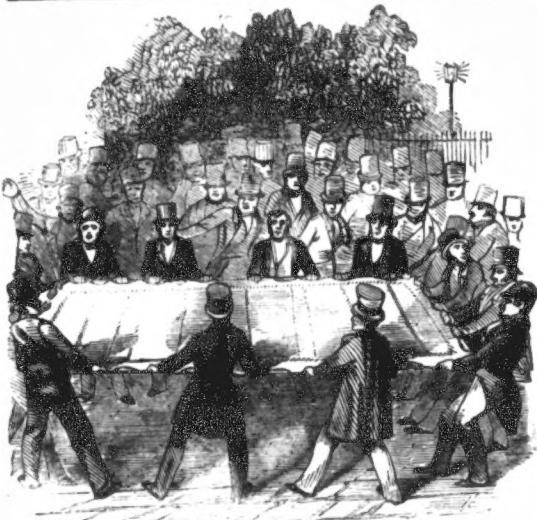
NELSON.

soon on the deck of the gallant ship. Her Majesty desired to be conducted to the spot where the great naval hero fell, which is indicated by a brass tablet, wherein was placed a wreath of laurel, either provided for the day, or kept in readiness on all occasions. The Queen gazed on the spot for some time in silence; at last she stooped down, plucked two leaves from the wreath, and placed them in her bosom. The event, touching in itself, and highly honourable to her Majesty's sensibility, must have been felt as a compliment to their profession by the gallant fellows by whom she was surrounded. The Queen then requested to be shown the spot where Nelson died; and on her way to it is understood that her gravity was somewhat disturbed by the blue-jackets she encountered on her way, Jack being somewhat in dishabille, and, as we have stated, quite unprepared for the honour of the royal visit. The scene of this interesting event we have given below, from a sketch taken at the time.

SOMETHING LIKE A SHOT.—Mr. Adam Ledingham, gamekeeper to Mr. Simeon Keir, while out shooting upon the Lesmurdie moors, in this county, upon Thursday last, discharged his double-barrelled gun at a large covey of grouse that were flying past him, and brought down five out of their number. Mr. Ledingham, after loading his fowling-piece, saw another large pack of grouse flying in the same direction; and while they were in the act of passing he discharged both barrels among them and brought down twelve out of their number, thus killing in all at the two discharges seventeen fine, plump, strong grouse, making a bit in grouse-shooting that probably has no parallel in the annals of sport, more especially at this season of the year, when the grouse have such a coating of feathers upon their bodies as greatly defends them from the shot—*Banffshire Journal*.



ON BOARD THE VICTORY.



THE LATE MR. BRAIDWOOD'S FIRE ESCAPE BLANKET.

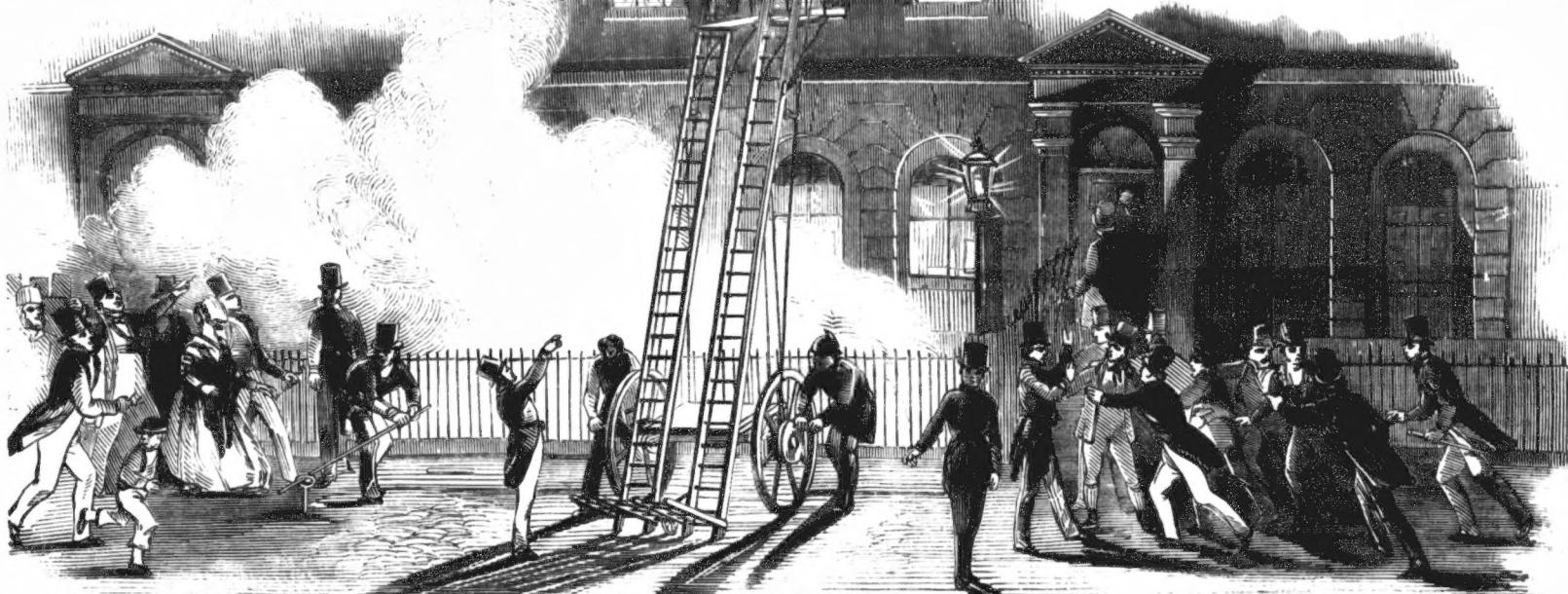
FIRE ESCAPES.

SCARCELY A week passes without our having to record the loss of human life through the effects of fire, especially at a period when the ingenuity of man has been actively employed in inventing modes of preventing such disastrous results. In the metropolis we have a fire brigade under proper officers, and divided into districts. The men are dressed in frieze coats with scarlet collars, and a cap of the



THE LATE MR. BRAIDWOOD'S SCALING LADDERS.

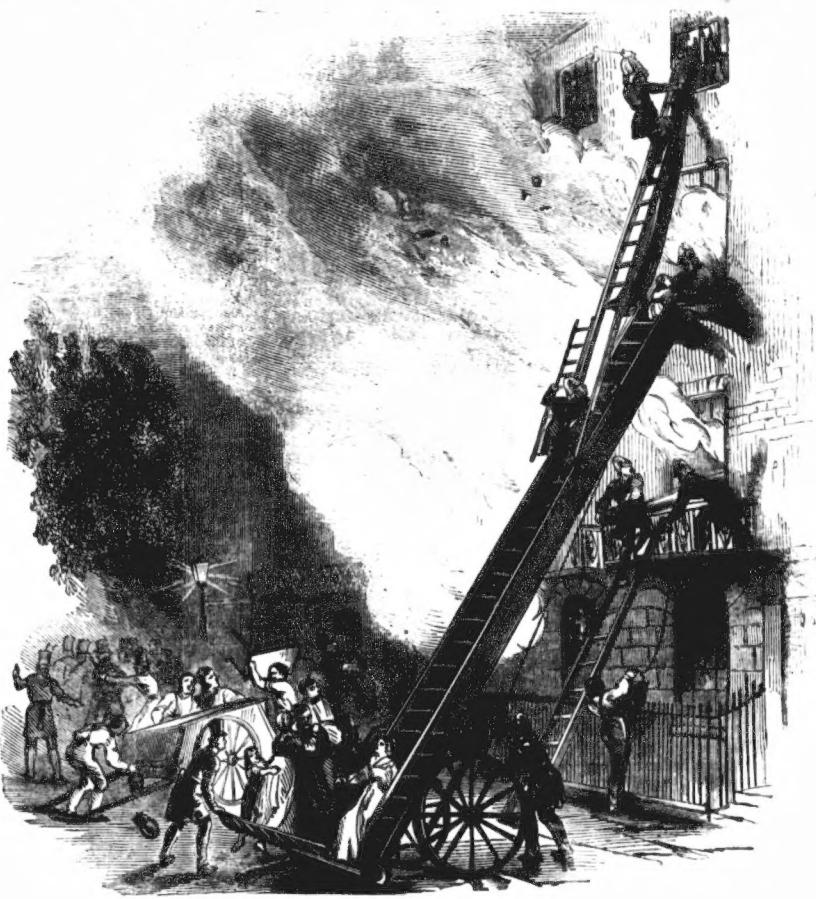
same material, and a number fixed upon the arm; when on duty they wear a stout helmet; and in two minutes from an alarm being given, they will have the horses out and the engine on the move from the station. In addition to this brigade there are the volunteer fire brigades, which have sprung up during the past five years. There is also the Royal Society for the protection of life from fire;



PATENT BALUSTRADE SAFETY FIRE ESCAPE.



ROYAL SOCIETY'S FIRE ESCAPE.



WIVEL'S FIRE ESCAPE.

and to facilitate their object, a map of London is divided into districts, each under proper management and control, and each district is well supplied with engines, &c., &c., and in addition for fire-districting consolidations and savings from horrible death. The scaling ladders of the Royal Society is in party divisions, which are strongly girded on to the sides, and slide up to any elevation, so as not only to aid persons in their descent, but also to direct the hose of the engine into the window of any, even the loftiest, floor. Various kinds of ladders have been used. On the present page will be found four of different construction.

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

FLOWER GARDEN—Lock to layers of carnations and pincushions, early spring flowers, such as anemones, crocuses, snowdrops, jonquils, primroses, polyanthus, wall-flowers, narcissi, &c. Remove suckers of lilac, to give strength to the tree. Divide and plant out camellias. Transplant evergreens and shrubs.

KITCHEN GARDEN—Broccoli, unless very much sheltered, should be taken up and laid in by their heads close together to preserve the plants from the frost. Fill up vacancies in cabbages and other greens. Cover them to earth up celery. Tie up endive for blanching; now a few dragon-blood beans in a favourable situation for transplanting early in spring. Plant shallots and garlic in light, dry soil. Give the frosty to cauliflower in frames during the day. Hand-weed out the sowings of onions. Take up the whole of the principal crops of carrots, and let them be thoroughly dry before storing away in sand. Refer again to last week's advice for anything left undone.

FRUIT GARDEN—Proceed with the planting of fruit trees in the open ground or against walls. Should the ground prove too rich, a few barrows of loam or field mould will be an improvement.

THEFT OF AN INFANT—A case of child-stealing took place at Edinburgh on Wednesday last, under circumstances well calculated to excite the sympathy of the public. The only child of a young married couple belonging to the working classes, and residing in Blackfriars-road, was taken away from its outdoor employment of age, while the mother was at work in the same neighbourhood. The girl was carrying a child in a high-chair, when she was accosted by a woman who crept into conversation with her, and decoyed her toward the railway station. Thereat anger there asked the girl to go into the station to get a train, where the next train left for Glasgow, saying she would hold the baby for her while she did so. The girl, suspecting no evil, surrendered her charge for the moment, and was told by the railway clerk that the five o'clock train had just gone. She immediately returned to where she had left the woman and child, but no trace of them was to be seen. In vain she searched and inquired, but she had at length to go back and report the loss to the unfortunate parents. Unavailing efforts have since been made by the parents and grandfather for the recovery of the child, and every inquiry has been made by the police and procurator-fiscal, two detective officers being specially employed in the case, but hitherto without success. A description of the woman and of the infant has been published by the police, requesting all police officers and other persons to make inquiry and search for the child, and also assist, if possible, in the apprehension of the thief. The following is the description of the woman who is charged with the theft:—“She is from thirty to thirty-five years of age, tall, stout made, pale face, fair hair. Dressed in a dark grey wintry gown, white straw bonnet, trimmed with black silk ribbon, red striped shawl, with brown border.” The child, named James Dallas, is about twelve months old, stout of his legs, fair hair and complexion; dressed in a grey wintry frock, fastened with hooks and eyes, a red flannel petticoat, a white flannel pinafore, and a dark cotton pinafore, and a small tartan napkin; was bare-headed and barefooted, when carried away; has a seam on the eye and the vaccination marks on left arm.” A reward of £100 has been offered for such information given to the police, or to Michael Dillon, 97, Bouverie-street, as may lead to the recovery of the infant.—*Edinburgh Courant*.

ACCIDENT TO AN EXPRESS TRAIN—A startling accident occurred near Barnsley on Friday night. The five o'clock express from Manchester, on emerging from the tunnel on the Barnsley side of Penrith, ran into a break-down which had been left on the line, and is stated to have been detached from a goods train in advance. The collision appears to have been due to the carelessness of a fog signal, by which it was apparently intended to bring the train to a stand. The distance was so short as not to give the express time to pull up. Many passengers were injured by the collision, some very seriously so, though danger to life is not apprehended. The wounded passengers were attended to when the train reached Barnsley, which it did after a delay of three quarters of an hour. Some remained in the hotel or were taken to their homes, while others were enabled to continue their journey.

DEATH OF A SOMNAMBULIST—An inquest was held at Brompton on Saturday on the body of Mrs. Ann Wright aged 76, residing in Chapel-place. The deceased was a widow lady, under the care of a nurse, and on Wednesday night she left her sleeping apartment and wandered about the upper part of the house as she had done before. On Thursday morning a young man heard a heavy fall, and when he looked into the street he saw the deceased lying on the pavement. A surgeon was called in, but the doctor, who had sustained a dislocation of the spinal column, expired in half an hour afterwards. The deceased had walked out of one of the windows on the second floor, as the flower pots were found removed, and the window wide open. The jury returned a verdict of “Accidental death.”

ATTACK UPON A MAN BY AN ELEPHANT—On Monday, as Edmonds' (late Wombwell's) menagerie was entering Maidstone for the fair, a very serious occurrence happened. A huge elephant, with some camels, was drawing the first caravan, when the procession halted for the purpose of ascertaining the correct route. A boy in the crowd offered the elephant an apple, when one of the men in attendance interfered. The animal, which had for some time shown symptoms of anger towards this man, became irritated, and seized him with his trunk around the waist, and dashed him to the ground, and endeavoured to gore him with his tusks. The man, however, succeeded in crawling away, when the animal again seized him by the trunk, and dashed him against the wall. The poor fellow was at last rescued by the crowd, and was found to be severely injured. Several of his ribs were broken, and an arm and a leg were fractured, and he was bruised in several places. A shutter was obtained, and he was conveyed to the West Kent General Hospital, where he now lies in a very precarious condition. The man is an itinerant exhibitor of a show, named Charles Nixon, of Derby. He is about forty years of age, and is only an occasional helper of those employed with the menagerie. It is but right to say that the keeper, who was riding on the back of the elephant did all in his power to divert the attention of the enraged animal, which in general is as quiet and docile as a child. The injured man, it is said, once teased the animal in the show in a manner, which it never forgot.

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CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

ANNIVERSARIES.

		H. W.	L. B.	A. M.	P. M.
21	s	Battle of Trafalgar, 1805	...	2 10	3 6
22	s	Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity	...	3 23	3 3x
23	m	Lord Palmerston born, 1784	...	3 53	4 8
24	r	David Webster died, 1852	...	4 23	4 39
25	w	St Crispin	...	4 57	5 15
26	r	Royal Charter lost, 1859	...	5 35	5 56
27	r	Marshal Soult died, 1857	...	6 21	6 47

Month's Changes.—First quarter, 27th, 3h. 50 m.p.m.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING. AFTERNOON.

Dan 3; Luke 8. Dan 6; Eph. 2.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

ST CRISPIN, 25th.—This is the only festal day of the week. St Crispin, the patron saint of shoemakers, and St. Crispinian are represented as two “glorious martyrs,” who came from Spain to preach at Solisane, in France, “towards the middle of the third century, and in imitation of St. Paul, worked with their hands in the night, making shoes, though they were said to be nobly born and brothers. They converted many to the Christian faith, till a complaint was lodged against them before King Varus, the most implacable enemy of the Christian name,” who had been appointed governor by the Emperor Maximian Hercules. They were victorious over this most unmanly judge, by the patience and constancy with which they bore the most cruel torments, and finished their course by the sword about the year 287. In the sixth century a great church was built to their honour at Soissons, and their shrine was richly ornamented.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To Our Subscribers.—THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY News and Newbern's Newspapers sent post-free to any part of the United Kingdom for three penny postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a quarter, so as to receive the two newspapers through the post, may send a subscription of 3s. 6d. to the Post Office at the corner of 318 Strand

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to Mr. JOHN DICKS, 318, Strand. Persons unable to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY News from newsagents or agents may forward the amount for a single number, or for a term of subscription by money order, payable to Mr. Dicks, so as to receive the journal direct from the office. A Quarter's Subscription is 2s. 6d. for the STAMPED EDITION. It is particularly requested that Subscribers will send their address in full to prevent miscarriage of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be indicated by the journal being sent in a blue wrapper. Receipt stamp cannot be received in payment of a subscription of this journal.

* Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

SUBSCRIBER.—The term Yooke is the Indian corruption of the word English—Youghas, Youghas, is not really yooke. It got into general use by a New England farmer always using the word a yooke-horse, a yooke-cider, or, in yooke geese, particularly wished to get rid of, as being a really gross bargain. As this was not always the case, at least in proportion to its original sarcasm, and finally as a term of reproach applied to New Englanders generally.

B. O.—J. in Remond's Biographical Leaves of the public at Covent Garden Theatre in 1817, his brother Charles returned from the same place in 1849.

B. F. (Charlton)—Both Mary and Elizabeth were born at Greenwich. The Observatory was built for Charles II.

A. TH-DESMAN (No. 10, Warwick).—The consequence of street-preaching which you complain of comes under the 72nd section of the Highway Act. The surveyor may summon any one who “wholly obstructs the free passage of the highway.” The preacher, then, who gathers a crowd around him to the obstruction of the highway is liable to a penalty.

R. H.—You are in error. The second marriage becomes valid by the first husband proving to be alive. The Act only gives immunity from bigamy by the first husband being away for seven years and not being heard of during that time; but it does not annul the marriage.

INQUIRIES.—The Court of Chancery is the proper court to apply to in all cases against executors.

B. W.—Marriage clauses: A marriage license can be procured at Doctors' Commons in London or at the bar office in any city, &c., &c., or any attorney acting as a proctor elsewhere. It costs £2 1s. 6d. It is absolutely necessary that one of the parties intending to marry should have his or her usual place, I suppose, within the diocese; but absolutely within the parish or district where the marriage is to be solemnized, for the space of fifteen days prior to the day on which the license is granted; and before the parties can obtain such a license one of them has to swear to an affidavit to that effect.

OUTRAGED HUSBAND.—If you can indeed prove all you assert, you have excellent grounds for an action in the Divorce Court. In writing to consult a solicitor on an ordinary matter, you should enclose him a post-office order for the usual fee of six shillings and eighteen pence; and if you forward any papers for him to look over, you should send him sufficient postage-stamps to frank them return. If you are not acquainted with a London solicitor, send us your address and we will recommend one you.

N. W.—There is no law relating to the ff. or ff.—“every man ought to have a physician at his own disposal.” The meaning is that no person ought to have reached that period of life without knowing a physician, what is good for him and what is bad, what articles of food best agree with what articles disagree with him—what keeps him in health and what makes him ill—and what medicines are the quickest, the simplest, and the most efficacious in curing him well again. Yet—such ought to be the knowledge of every one—but how few possess it! How to profit by the experience of the past, or choose a doctor to whom to entrust the study of themselves and why it is? Because there is some one who “pays,” as the need arises, to think for them. This is the physician. And no doubt the physician is one of the most useful members of society—but in how many cases might his skill and his knowledge be dispensed with if, especially, one could but study themselves in the manner above mentioned. If they want a guide and an aid to that study, so important and so essential, let them procure the valuable little treatise known by the quaint but not unromantic title of “The Golden Book.”

STUDENT.—Procure the “Self-Instructor” by Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds. It can be obtained by sending fourteen postage stamps to Mr. Dicks at the corner of 318 Strand. Persons of defective education can improve themselves exceedingly by reading. Indeed, it contains all the requisites necessary to constitute the grand work of a really good education. The French language can be self-taught by its aid in a very short time, with the help of a dictionary and a grammar.

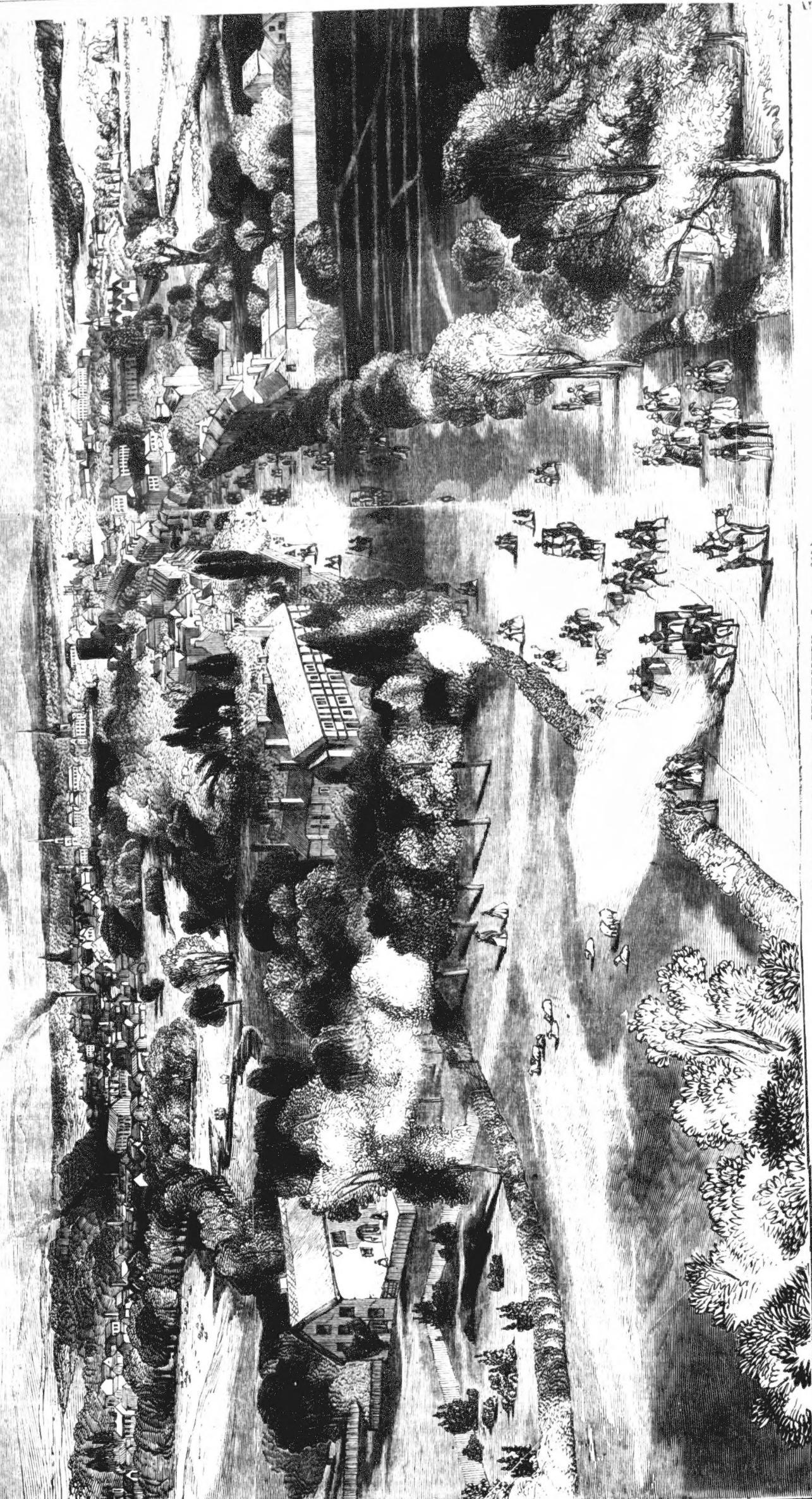
THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1865.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

A LETTER purporting to be from the pen of the Prince de Joinville has been published in an American journal, whether with or without the consent of the writer we are not in a position to say; but having been addressed to an American gentleman, it had, as the writer must have known, the fairest chance of coming under the public eye, and rebounding from America to Europe. We should have passed this production unnoticed but for a few remarks contained in it that more particularly concern ourselves. The prince is a naval officer of pre-eminent ability, and his professional strictures on our marine demand attention. It appears that, in the Prince de Joinville's view, the British navy, though once famous is now effete. Not only has the British navy fallen from its high estate, but the British mind is infected with a wretched suspicion of its miserable inefficiency. These are the prince's words:—“The British navy, after a long period of inaction, and furnished with ships and men it has no confidence in, is not what it was formerly.” This is most melancholy, considering that it follows a preceding paragraph of unrestricted praise of the American navy. The prince remarks that in monitors, in torpedoes, in Alabama screw-ships, in the general efficiency of the ships, and the feeling of confidence of the crews—“upon all these points you Americans have the lead.” It is incontestable that the prince is entitled to his own opinion, and that, when he has formed it, he is at liberty to utter it; but we should certainly like to be made aware of the sources of information which fortify him in stating that the English nation has no confidence either in its ships or in its seamen. What has been spoken or printed here by Englishmen to give the prince authority for his statement? and what have our seamen done or failed to do that has abolished our proud reliance on their skill and devotion? We build our ships, and sometimes abuse our ships, probably because we think it our privilege to do as we like with our own, and cherish some ideal of a vessel of war that we have not yet completely fashioned out. Let anybody abuse our ships that will. But a slur cast on our seamen is a different matter, and it is almost to go beyond the bounds of proper modesty for the prince to assume the right to deliver our judgment upon them. In guns, it seems, the Americans are not greatly in advance of Europeans. As to the condition of the French navy, the Prince de Joinville ranks it with that of England. We are the “European navies” that are not match for the American. General Nino Bixio, who is probably as good a practical seaman as the prince, declared that in his judgment the English fleets nobly represented our power, while the fleets of France were, as he thought, a delusion to her that might ultimately lead her into disaster. But the Prince de Joinville puts the fleets of both nations on an equal footing, inasmuch as he prostrates both at the feet of the great Transatlantic republic. The French navy is, he says, “disgusted with the odious service of transpor imposed upon it.” The same note has been struck before in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and by the same writer, if we may credit the common allegation of its authorship. If the French navy is generally disgusted because, instead of getting glory, it has to be tasked to perform a national service for the army, the lamentations of the Prince de Joinville over its inefficiencies are not uttered without good reason. Judging by what he permits himself to say of us, however, we are not inclined to take him for an authority upon the actual sentiments of the navy of France.

It is now almost twenty years ago since the county courts were first established. Those who are old enough to remember the debates which led to the repeal of the corn laws will scarcely have forgotten the dogged vigour with which the old lawyers of those days resisted the advocates of legal reform, and the eloquence with which they foretold the ruin of the common law bar, and the downfall of the time-honoured circuits. In those days the petty tradesman to whom a debt of a few shillings was due was compelled either to abandon his debt, or to sue for it at an expense much greater than the sum which he could possibly recover. Fortunately, however, parliament and the common sense of the public overrode the selfish prejudices of the lawyers, and even recalcitrant law officers were compelled to aid in what they anticipated would prove the destruction of their professional brethren. But those prejudices have all been falsified. The common law bar still flourishes as of yore—the cause lists supply ample materials for the eloquence of advocates and the ingenuity of pleaders, and the courts at Westminster still find full employment for the staff of judges. But until last session the advantages of cheap law were confined to cases which, under the old system, would have been determined according to the principles of the common law. Hitherto goods sold and delivered, and actions of contract, were the chief subjects which engrossed the attention of the county courts. The vast field of what is termed equitable jurisdiction was beyond the pale of these tribunals; and yet in such cases the hardship inflicted upon poor people by being compelled to have recourse to the Court of Chancery was peculiarly severe. Suppose a master bequeathed his servant an annuity of £50, or half a dozen people had claims upon an estate of £800 or £400—suppose a married woman or an orphan were interested in some few hundred pounds which her husband or father had placed in the hands of a trustee to be administered for her benefit—suppose that a hard-working tradesman had lent a couple of hundred pounds upon the security of a cottage—suppose the guardian of an orphan child possessed of a little property was desirous to lay out a certain portion of it for the purpose of advancement—or suppose the case of a small partnership which it was thought expedient to dissolve or to wind up. Such cases come before the Court of Chancery every day, and indeed constitute the largest share of the business which occupies the judges of that august tribunal. Such cases are very fit subjects to exercise the judicial powers of such men as Lord Cran-



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE TOWN OF SHREWSBURY. (See page 295.)



THE POPE AT ST. PETERS. (See page 295.)

Theatricals, Music, &c.

HER MAJESTY'S—Mr. Mapleton opens his operatic season at this establishment on Monday next. The first operas announced are, "Faust," "Fidelio," and "Don Giovanni." Weber's "Der Freischütz" will be presented on the 28th, with a strong cast, including Mlle. Titens, Mlle. Sainco, Signor Stagno, and our unapproachable baritone, Mr. Santley. The opera, we hear, is to be mounted on the same grand scale as "Die Zauberflöte," "Fidelio," &c. Signor Arditi is again the conductor, and the chorus and orchestra will be, in every respect, perfect. Mr. Santley will play, for the first time in London, Don Giovanni; besides, Don Pizarro and Valentine, two characters in which he is without a rival. Mlle. Titens will resume her celebrated characters in the operas named, and play Agatha in "Der Freischütz." Siebel and Zarina, and "Faust" and Mozart, will be personated by Mllies. Sarolta and Sainco.

COVENT GARDEN—The Royal English Opera Company have issued their prospectus for the second season; and on the whole, we must consider it as satisfactory, though we miss the names of Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley. The season opens this evening (Saturday), with Meyerbeer's "Africaine," with the following cast:—Sébastien, Miss Louisa Pyne; Israël, Madame Lamme-Sauvageon; Anna, Mrs. Aynsley Cook; Nestus, Mr. Alberto Laurence; Don Pedro, Mr. Henri Corri; Grand Inquisitor, Mr. Aynsley Cook; Don Diego, Mr. Eugène Dusek; High Priest of Brahma, Mr. J. G. Paty; Don Ávila, Mr. Charles Lyall; and Vasco di Gama, Mr. Charles Adams. The next production will be "Ida," a new opera by Mr. Henry Leslie. The characters will be represented by Mlle. Ida Guillot, Mlle. Cornells, Mrs. Aynsley Cook, Messrs. J. G. Paty, Henri Corri, W. H. Cummings, Charles Lyall, Aynsley Cook, Eugène Dusek, and R. Arthur. Mlle. Ida Guillot is from the Paris Conservatoire, and makes her first appearance in English opera. She is a pupil of Aubert. Mr. W. W. Cumming makes his debut on the stage on this occasion. At the close of December we are promised a new opera by Mr. Charles Dibdin, in one act, entitled "Christmas Eve," the principal characters to be sustained by Madame Florence Lanci, Mme. Emma Heywood, Mr. David Miranda, and Mr. Aynsley Cook. In "Lalla Rookh" by M. Félicien David, the characters have been assigned to Miss Louisa Pyne, Madame Florence Lanci, Messrs. Henri Corri, Charles Lyall, Aynsley Cook, and Henry Haydn. In addition to the above, "if time should permit, another work, new to the English lyric stage, by either a native or a foreign composer, will be placed before the public." We are also promised Aubert's comic opera "Le Domino Noir," with no doubt Miss Louisa Pyne as Angel. The cast of Grunow's "Mock Doctor" will be the same as last year, with the exception that Miss Lillie will be substituted for Madame Fanny Hudder in the part of Jacqueline. Mlle. Ida Guillot will make her debut as Elvira in "Monsalito." The ballet will include Dollie Dunstane, Mlle. Montero, Mlle. Borelli (from La Scala, Milan, her first appearance), Mlle. Paesoldi (from Mantova, her first appearance), Mlle. Carey (from the Theatre Royal, Cockburn, her first appearance), Mlle. Esca, Miss Lisa Weber, and Miss Rachel Sanger (her first appearance); with a strong array of male performers, in which figure the names of Messrs. W. H. Payne, Harry Payne, and Fred Payne. The orchestra and chorus will be composed of the Royal Italian Opera, and we need hardly add that Mr. Alfred Mellon will remain as his post of conductor. Mr. Edward Murray has been appointed an acting manager. A grand Christmas pantomime concludes the bill of fare, which pantomimes, we are informed, "will exhibit no lack of the gorgousness and picturesque beauty which won for that of last year so high a rank in public estimation."

DRURY LANE—We have no alteration to record in the performances here, "Macbeth," and "Othello" still occupying the bill; but these will be withdrawn on Friday next, when "King John" is to be revived "on a scale of great magnitude."

HAYMARKET—The engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Matthews has caused the greatest delight to the *habitués* of this favourite house. After the opening farce of "Easy Shaving," Mr. Charles Matthews has nightly appeared in his celebrated character of Sir Charles Oldstrum, in "Used Up." The part is still sustained by him with all the vigour and force of former years. Mr. Howe appears in his original part of John Ironbraces; while Miss Nelly Moore appears for the first time in the character of Mary, the Steward's niece, in which she has displayed great simplicity and grace. We need scarce add that all the other characters are played with that portion so characteristic of the Haymarket performances. Mr. Pianon's extravaganzas of the "Golden Fleece" has afforded ample scope for the talents of Mrs. Charles Matthews in the part of Medea, and in which she has aquitted herself with the same success as she did in the character two years since. The clever Leclercq family bring the performances to a close with a Spanish divertissement entitled "Fans and Fandangoes."

PRINCESS'S—Mr. Vining has successfully combated the ebullition of feeling against the prison scene in Mr. Rade's drama of "Never Too Late to Mend." A slight modification of what was termed "the horrible" has alone taken place, and the very scene itself now rivets the utmost attention. The house is crowded nightly.

SADLER'S WELLS.—During the past week, Miss Marriott and Mr. James Bennett have appeared in a varied round of characters. "Macbeth," "Richard the Third," "The Gamester," and "The Lady of Lyons" were produced with every mark of appreciation. With this week closes the engagement of Mr. James Bennett, who has worthily maintained his reputation during a short season. When his other engagements have expired, he is certain of a cordial welcome back. Last evening (Friday) was announced for his benefit, when "The Lady of Lyons," the dying scene from "Henry the Fourth," and "John Jones" were performed. In the latter Mr. J. W. Wray appeared.

ST. JAMES'S—Miss Herbert commenced her season here on Saturday evening last, under the most favourable auspices. During the recess, everything has been done by way of tasteful embellishment and general renovation; while the company comprises many whose names stand high in the profession. The new drama produced for the occasion was an adaptation, by Mr. John Brougham, of Miss M. A. Braddon's novel of "Only a Clod," bearing the title of "Caught in the Toils." The story abounds in excellent situations, which have been carefully taken up. Our space will not permit of a detail of the plot, which is too full of interest to be curtailed. Mr. Walter Lucy, who was warmly received on his appearance, has a part admirably suited to his forcible and vigorous style of acting. In look and action, like Frank Frithney, is a life-like representation of the authoress's character, given in her novel. Miss Herbert, too, has scarcely ever appeared to greater advantage than in the part of Julia Diamond. Her beauty and statuque grace are brought into strong contrast with the vindictive speeches and evil passions which she has to depict. Mr. Frank Matthews, Mr. Bolton, Mr. F. Charles, and Mr. A. Dyas have characters well suited to their several abilities; as have also Mrs. Frank Matthews, Miss Collins, Miss E. Bolton, and Miss Wentworth. The scenery, by Mr. T. Grieve, is exceedingly effective. Both Mr. Walter Lucy and Miss Herbert have been honoured with nightly rolls. The succeeding piece of "A Thumping Legacy" has afforded Mr. F. Robson scope for those talents which every now and then strike out so prominently, and as being peculiarly like those touches of his late father.

BRITANNIA—A new Irish drama, from the pen of Mr. C. H. Hazlewood, was played on the occasion of Mr. W. H. Crawford's benefit, a short time since, and so successful was its production that it has been produced every evening since. The scene is laid in the time of the Irish rebellion, and the plot chiefly describes the efforts of Musa Merry, a villainous Celts, and a reputed "fairy man," to implicate Cornelius Brophy in the treasonable practices of the "Barrymout Boys." Musa cherishes designs of vengeance on Brophy, because the young man's father once horse-whipped him by mistake, and gave him a crown piece as a consolation. This coin the fairy Man casts into a bullet, intended for Brophy when opportunity serves. The sign of leadership among the rebels is the ace of clubs, which Musa persuades Brophy will be respected by the fairies, and bring all kinds of blessings upon the possessor. A sharp-witted young Irishman, named O'By, the Owsdaw, knowing Musa's plot, persuades Dorah McNamee, Brophy's sweetheart, to take the card out of his pocket. This is done, and the card is transferred to the pocket of Brian O'Clancy, the real leader of the "boys," who accompanies Colonel Lavenby, Captain Singleton, and Lieutenant Mugrave as accuser of Brophy. The card is found on O'Clancy, who is arrested by the English officers. O'By meets Musa in Glenloch, and is overpowered by his name. Captain Singleton is also set upon and saved from drowning after fight by O'By. Musa now devises another scheme, and visiting O'Clancy, persuades him to tell the Colonel that treasonable papers are to be found in Brophy's house. They are discovered (having been deposited by the Fairy Man), but Colonel Lavenby, suspecting treachery, allows Brophy to go out on bail for a week, the Captain and Lieutenant being answerable for him. He is, however, persuaded by O'By to break his parole and conceal himself in an old worked-out mine. From this he escapes when attacked by two of the "boys" who are sent to murder him. Dorah is a prisoner in the vaults under the Abbey ruin, the Captain and Lieutenant being also captured by the gang, and confined in the adjoining cell. They all escape, but Dorah again falls into the power of Musa. In the last scene, shown in the engraving on our first page, she is thrown, or throws herself, into the water, but clinging to a rock, is saved by O'By. While retribution falls upon Musa. Merry's plot is the simple plot, which, however, is full of incident. Mr. Drummond and Miss Miles play the lovers with their usual intelligence, and Mrs. S. Lane gives the droll sayings of O'By with the utmost point and spirit. Mr. Reynolds makes a character portrait of the cunning and vindictive old peasant, and Mr. E. Harding must be commended for his quiet but significant acting as O'Clancy. Mr. Crawford performed the kind-hearted Captain with earnestness. Mr. Rogers, the scenic artist, deserves the utmost credit for the tableau Glencoe by moonlight, the Farm-house of Brophy, and Pout a Drol (the Demon's Pool). Mr. Muir's Distant View of the Abbey is also a well-painted scene. A string of Irish melodies is heard through the drama, which is placed upon the stage with the usual care observable at this well-known and highly popular English house.

THE GENERAL ENTERTAINMENTS are now nightly well patronised. The Christy Minstrels, and Professor Anderson, at St. James's Hall; Colonel Stodart, with new and startling illusions, at the Egyptian Hall; Gourlay's Scotch Curiosities, at the Polygraphic Hall. The Polytechnic, Madame Tussauds, &c., equally share in public support. The Music Halls, too, are interesting in attraction, and nightly fill almost to overflow.

CRYSTAL PALACE—At the usual afternoon concert on Saturday last, some disappointment was felt by a numerous assemblage congregated there. Selections from "L'Africaine" were to be given; but, at the last moment, the Royal English Opera Company gave notice such could not take place. Other pieces had, therefore, to be substituted. This day (Saturday) Handel's serenata "Acis and Galatea" will be performed with augmented band and chorus.

THE NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY, under Mr. G. W. Martin, commenced its weekly meetings at Exeter Hall on Wednesday evening last.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S "OPERA DI CAMERA" still attract highly delighted audiences at the Gallery of Illustration.

MR. AND MRS. HOWARD PAUL commenced their comic and musical entertainment at the Egyptian Hall on Monday evening last.

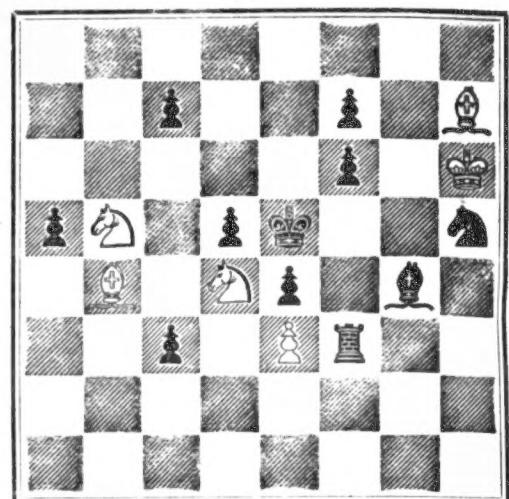
DEATH BY DROWNING IN THE RIVER DART—An inquest was held on Saturday at the Bridge Inn, Totnes, to inquire into the death of William Potter, who was drowned by falling into the river Dart on Thursday evening last. David Peake said he had been in deceased's company on the Thursday evening at the Steam Packet Inn. Deceased came into the inn about eight o'clock, and drank a share of a pint of beer with Joseph Salter, with whom he came in. Witness left with the deceased at a quarter to nine o'clock, and proceeded to the Albert Inn, at Bridgetown, where they remained for an hour, and drank a quart of cider. They left the Albert Inn about ten o'clock, and witness and deceased went to a boat which was lying at Bridgetown Quay. The deceased was going to sleep on board. The boat was a little way off the quay, and witness took the rope to fasten it, and deceased was on the gunwale of the boat. One of the planks of the boat was missing, and witness asked deceased to jump out. Deceased asked him to catch hold of his hand, but before he could do so the unfortunate man fell overboard. It was very dark, but witness saw deceased in the water, and ran out to save him, but being unable to swim could not reach him. He then called for assistance, and three sailors came, but deceased had sunk for the last time, and they searched for him and eventually picked him up. The deceased was then conveyed to this inn, where the doctor tried means of restoration, which were unavailable. The deceased was a little the worse for liquor. There was no one near the deceased that could have struck him. The coroner having summed up the evidence, the jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

TWO BOYS LOST IN THE MIST NEAR WEARDALE—On Wednesday morning two boys belonging to Joseph Featherstone, of White Hills, near Iveshope Burn, Weardale, went out to play. One of them was seven years of age, the other three years. Some strange dogs being near the house were followed by Mr. Featherstone's dog, which the children followed in their turn in order to bring back. The children went up to Iveshope Moor, where they became bewildered and enveloped in the dense mist which has covered these moor lands for many days past. They were first missed by their parents about eleven o'clock, when search was made for them, but without success. The search was prosecuted during the night by almost all the inhabitants of the dale, and 100 or more men traversed the Moor with lights until two o'clock next morning, but their search was unsuccessful. The search was resumed at daylight next day, when the poor children were found miles from home, just on the borders of Langdon Common, in Teesdale, when, strange to say, after such an awful night of rain, they found the elder boy alive, lying on the arm of his little brother, who was dead. They had never ceased wandering until they arrived at the place where they were found, when the younger boy was so exhausted that he was compelled to lie down. His elder brother tried to comfort him and keep up his spirits, telling him that his father would be coming to help them, which manifestations of affection and courage were kept up even after the poor child was dead. The elder boy was much exhausted, but is likely to recover. The event has produced a deep feeling of sorrow in the district.—*Northern Express*.

This old vessel *Nauset*, wrecked off Cape Cod, in 1626, and since then covered with sand and a meadow, has lately been washed out by the sea in a good state of preservation.—*New York Sun*.

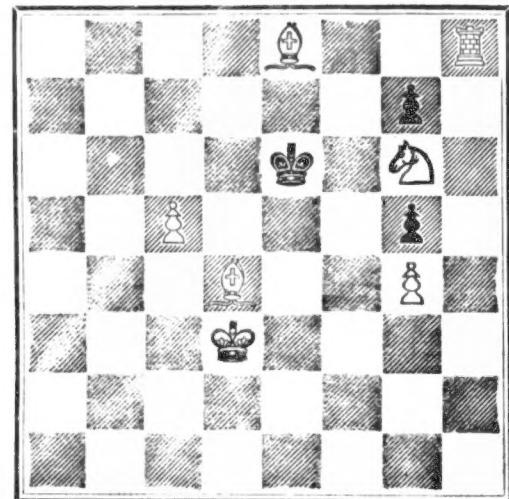
Chess.

PROBLEM NO. 303.—By A. D. L.
Black



White.
White to move, and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM NO. 304.—By R. B. WORMALD, Esq.
Black



White.
White to move, and mate in two moves.

Game between Messrs. J. and W. T. Pierce.
No. 1. King's Gambit.

White	Black
Mr. W. T. P.	Mr. J. P.
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. P to K B 4	2. P takes P
3. B to B 4	3. P to K R 4
4. Kt to K B 3 (a)	4. Kt to Q B 3
5. P to Q 4	5. P to K Kt 4
6. P to K B 4	6. P to K 5
7. Kt to Kt 5 (b)	7. Kt to B 3
8. B takes P (at B 5)	8. Kt to B 4 (c)
9. B takes P (ch)	9. Kt takes B
10. Kt takes Kt	10. Kt takes Kt
11. Castle	11. K to Kt square
12. Q to Q 2	12. Kt to B 5
13. Q to Q 3	13. P to K 4
14. Q to Q Kt 3	14. Q takes R P
15. Q takes P	15. Kt to Kt 3
16. B to Kt 5	16. Q to K 6
17. Q to K B 5	17. b to Kt 2
18. Q to B 7 (e)	18. K to B 2
19. R to B 6 (d)	19. Q to K 8 (ch)
20. K to R 2	20. P to Kt 6 (ch)
21. K to R 3	21. P to Q 4 (ch)
22. K to R 4	22. Q to B 8 (ch)
23. K takes P	23. Q to K 8 (ch)
24. K to R 2	Resigns.

(a) A very injudicious move, which gives him a bad game from the outset.

(b) The game is now resolved, by a somewhat circuitous mode, into a form of the Allgaier Gambit, in favour of the first player.

(c) Had he played instead P to K B 8, White might have Castled with a grand attack.

(d) Well conceived. This forces the game, do what Black may.

G. R.—The removal of the Pawn in the Problem to which you allude, would open the door to a second and inferior method of mating.

J. BARLIN.—Neither of the Problems with which you have been so good as to favour us, is sufficiently difficult for publication.

F. YOUNG.—The best opportunities for improving your play, are obtainable at the Chess Divan in the Strand.

R. RICHMOND (Madras).—We duly received your letter, but the promised batch of games has not yet arrived.

A STRIKE WITH A VENGEANCE.—Some of the recent letters from Rome have mentioned a singular circumstance as likely to take place in that city,—namely, that the inferior clergy, who are paid for saying masses for the dead, are about to refuse continuing their task until they receive a more liberal rate of payment; or, in other words, think of having recourse to the vulgar expedient of a strike. Should such an extreme determination be acted on, the pious persons who have faith in paid prayers will not be able, at any price, to get a mass celebrated for the repose of the souls of the friends or relatives whom they deplore, and the churches of the Eternal City will be as deserted as were the streets of Paris when, some months back, deprived by the cabine's coalition of the circulation of its public carriages.—*Galignani*.

Law and Justice.

POLICE COURTS. WESTMINSTER.

A STRANGE AFFAIR.—A very creditably-dressed young woman, who gave the name of Sarah Wilson, was placed at the bar on the charge of being found in her lair last night in St. Margaret's Church, Paddington. Richard Moseley, Esq., a lawyer, I recollect the church up at 8.45 on Wednesday night, and she had just come out to go back when, in consequence of a report to a lady to whom all was safe, I carefully examined the church and found the fugitive in a kneeling position at the back of the chancel. Mr. Seife: Then she has been locked in, and word have remained so all night? if you had not charged to go back? Witness: Yes, your wife, she would. Mr. Seife: Do you know anything of her? Witness: No, I do not. Mr. Seife: What did she say? Witness: She told me that she had intended to conceal herself there for the night, and that she had been locked in there all Tuesday night. Mr. Seife: Do you know anything of that? Witness: I remember that she appeared the first in the church on Wednesday morning. Sergeant Purchase, B division: Perhaps, sir, it is only right I should inform you that on the Tuesday night spoken of a Sister of Mercy, as I think they call the lady, found a female child on the steps at some buildings belonging to the church with a piece of paper I now produce on it: "In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ take in this poor helpless babe, which has nobody on earth to do anything for it; and may the prayers of a dying mother be always with you." Bring her up to know her heavenly Father, and to serve Him truly. Her name is Henrietta; she has been baptised. Do not let her go to the workhouse, to be brought up in sin, and that God may ever bless her as the prayer of a dying and heart-broken mother." Mr. Seife: And this child was left on Tuesday night? Sergeant Purchase: Yes sir; the same that I said she passed in the church. Mr. Seife: What have you to say, prisoner? Prisoner: I did not intend to steal anything. Mr. Seife: A robbery was committed there only a few days ago. Prisoner: I know nothing about it. Mr. Seife: Where do you reside? Prisoner: I have no friends in London. I came from Manchester to get into an institution. I had no place to go to, so I slept in the church. I don't know any thing about the child. Mr. Seife: I must know something further about you. You must give your address at Manchester, and some references to any who know you and can give any information respecting you. You are to be remanded.

SURPRISED SKIRMISH SHARING.—John Henry Burdett, photographic artist, 16, Bedford-square, Chancery-lane, Shoreldon, very well dressed, wearing a more or less imperious air, and looking like a gentleman, was merchant of Hammond-street, Kingsland-road, a German, with a profusion of hair on his face, and well suited in a long blue overcoat, was charged with robbing Mr. Henry Newcombe, an American gentleman, of Clerkenwell, of £100. Mr. Henry Newcombe, an American gentleman, of Clerkenwell, of £100, and 1,000 dollars United States note. William Brookes, 393, A, said that on the 26th of August he received information from Mr. Newcombe that he had been defrauded by two skillful sharpers of the sum mentioned above. A description of them was circulated, and Mr. Newcombe was so excited at the time that he was very impudent. When he was calm, however, he gave a better description, and going on the "other side," witness went that morning to the Duke of York's Tavern, King-street Westminster, and saw the two prisoners drinking in front of the bar. He pushed open the door and said, "Gentlemen, mind your posting," witness looking at anybody or mentioning a name. Steinbrenner immediately came out of the house and asked him to leave for such a speed, and after a little inquiry witness took him, and his companion was apprehended directly afterwards in answer to the magistrate. witness said Mr. Newcombe was in Berlin, but he would immediately telegraph and write to him. He felt sure he had the right man. He did not know Steinbrenner or knew Burdett well. He was a notorious little sharper, and companion of Kingborough, the self-styled skullduggery who always came home from four years' penitentiary for fraud. Burdett was beginning nothing about it, and Steinbrenner was quieted in ignorance. He dwelt in the time in the German Hospital at the time of the robbery, and was a well-known man. There was no trading the note, as might lay claim to a sum with it being remanded. It had been sold in front of the Exchange. Prices were remanded. It will be remanding to take bail in £200 for each of them, with twenty-four hours' notice.

MURDER ON THE HIGH STREET.

BURGLARY AT THE EARL OF FIFE'S.—Charles Gustafson, an Italian, describing himself as a silk merchant, and Joseph Newman, a cabinet-maker, were charged with burglariously breaking and entering the residence of the Earl of Fife, No. 33, Dove-street, and stealing gold articles and jewellery valued at £300. Mr. Evans, steward to the Earl of Fife said: About five o'clock in the morning I came down stairs and found in the passage a dark lantern and the hall-door open; the door had been secured the previous night with a chain, two bolts, and the lock. The back drawing-door had been forced open, and the door of the drawing-room. A large number of valuable articles were missing from the room, and a few in the back drawing-room. When I went in I lost everything safe. A gentle-man who was staying in the house met a man on the staircase about five o'clock. The gentle-man gave the alarm and the police were sent for. Mr. Evans: Who met this person? Witness: The Rev. A. H. Morison. I went to the window and called him. The police sprang their rats, and soon afterwards made their appearance. They then had broken open the two back drawing-rooms. The articles stolen were nearly all kept in the back drawing-room. The value of the articles stolen altogether was £300. Mr. G. George Draper, C division said: Between three and four o'clock I went to No. 33, Dove-street, in company with Superintendent Hannigan and found that an earthen had been forced into the house at the rear by the kitchen window. I traced the thief to the back drawing-room, the door of which had been forced open. I found a crowbar, and on examining the marks on the drawing-room door, I found that the marks were such as would have been made by the crowbar. The marks on a travelling bag which had been forced open also were such as would have been made by the crowbar. I was told that property valued at £300 had been stolen. Police-constable Cole, Q. 23, said he received instructions to watch the two prisoners. Hearing of the burglary at the Earl of Fife's, he went to No. 33 Dove-street and sought the prisoners, he followed them to Dove-street, and then stopped them and told them he wanted them for the burglar at the Earl of Fife's. One of them said, "Do you mean to insult us?" Gustafson went quietly, but Newman became very violent, and kicked and struck him repeatedly. After securing the prisoners with a steel-case, he went to No. 33, Dove-street, and found the property produced. The Rev. Mr. Morison identified one of the prisoners as his partner at the station as the men he met on the staircase. The police occupied the room in Dove-street where the property was found. Police-constable Dawson, 1801, said he was with Cole, and he followed the prisoners to Dove-street. Newman had a bag rolled up under his arm. When Newman was taken into custody, he seized the bag and put it into his pocket. He examined the bag he had taken from Newman at the station, and in it he found a jammy, a pair of tweezers and a toothpick, both gold, also a bottle of aqua-fortis, for the purpose of testing articles, and ascertaining whether they were gold or silver. The toothpick and tweezers were the property of the Earl of Fife. Mrs. Elizabeth MacKenzie said she kept the house at No. 26, Less-street. The prisoner Gustafson, who went by the name of Dubois, had occupied one apartment on the second floor some time, but she did not know whether he slept there the previous night; but on the Friday he told her not to leave the lighted oil in the passage, a.m. The candle was usually left in the passage before this, the passage having a latch key. The prisoner Dubois spoke English perfectly. He told her he had a lodger in the City. The constable came to her house that morning, and she showed them into Dubois's room. Was surprised to find, when sent for to the station-house, that Dubois was not charged with robbery was her lodger.

WORSHIP STREET.

UNEXPECTED RECOVERY OF STOLEN PROPERTY.—A short stout man, of very singular appearance with features of the German cast, and who gave his name as Charles Evans, 43 years of age, a clerk by profession, and widower, was charged with breaking and entering the dwelling-houses of Mr. James Ash, a naval architect in Tredegar-square, Stepney, and stealing therefrom a silver salver, a silver salver on a stand, a silver tankard and a silver bier-piece, a black brook coat, a pair of boots, and a table-cloth, value in all £25. On the night of the 1st ult. into the house of the prosecutor was safely closed before midnight. At six following morning the street-door was forced open, and when the police broke it down the prosecutor said it was then discovered that an emerald had been一枚 at the rear by forcing a window, and the property mentioned stolen from various parts of the house, a large quantity being lost in the garden in the shape of a pair of old oysters. A searching inquiry was made to the rear of the building, where it had commenced, and although recovering his property had ceased, when one did, the prisoner was charged at this court with being found in enclosed premises in suspicion of purloining the property. Of course no understanding was arrived at, and among sundry pieces of paper turned from the pockets were forty duplicates of silver articles exactly answering the description of those stolen from Mr. James Ash. The prisoner was remanded on the last-mentioned charge. Constables White and Wooking, of the K division, had the matter in hand; they made him try on the old jewels left in the garden,

and seeing that they were a perfect fit, compelled him to wear them in exchange for his property which he had taken. Mr. Ash, a respectable gentleman, the tenant of a house from his residence on the 11th, although not improved, was present. A jeweller living in the Westminster-area produced some of the silver goods, which were likewise welcomed by the same gentleman as his compensation. The prisoner, however, could not be fixed on as the person who had stolen them. He would not furnish any information where the rest might be found, simply remarking, when called on for an answer to the charge, "I have nothing to say." Mr. Ellison checked a record.

HIGHWAYMAN AND SWINDLER.—Mr. Tigne, a retail draper, residing in Holborn-road, Sixtoe, applied to the magistrate for advice. His brother, a cobbler and drayman, at a place mentioned in Gloucester-square, saw an advertisement in a local paper in the beginning of September, in which a swindler was offered to advance sums of money up to £500 at short notice, at seven per cent interest and personal security. The stated privacy was guaranteed, and unusual advantages were offered, and no expense was ever to be incurred if the advance should be refused. His brother applied for an advance of £20. In answer to his application he received a lithographed letter from Ormonde-place, London, on the 11th of September, with "Bathgate 490, folio 70" on it, as though an extensive business was carried on which promised still more to the subject, and said that one of the lender's agents was in that neighbourhood in other busines, and that he had telephoned to him to make inquiries, though he would not call on the borrower personally, on pain of damage if he did. On the 12th his brother received a second letter, also lithographed, stating that a self-sacrificing report of the borrower had been made by the agent, and that the money would be advanced in two £10 Bank of England notes on the borrower returning a promissory note executed, together with a Post-office order for £10 in interest, and made payable at the Bathgate-money-orders office. This letter was dated from Wilson-street, Finsbury-square, to which the writer said all letters were to be addressed to him on and after that date, as his premises in Gloucester-square were required by the M. P. political district of Bathgate. The two notes and promissory note for £20 signed were sent as directed, but no answer was returned; and on the 14th his brother wrote again, requesting the two £10 notes and an acknowledgement of his letter which had not been returned by the post. No record was taken of this, and as his brother could hear nothing further of his note, money, or the letter, he was unable to apply to the authorities to make inquiries for him. He accordingly called at the house indicated in Wilson-street, and was told that though the person living there had condescended to receive letters for the advertiser, they knew nothing further than that a man called there for letters occasionally. They had not seen him for several days. He received another letter from his brother that morning, stating that he had still heard nothing from the advertiser and on his again calling at the house in Wilson-street, he received precisely the same answer as before. Neither he nor his brother had the slightest expectation of recovering the two advances which were no doubt thoroughly lost, but the promissory note for £20 was a more serious matter as it might be negotiable, altho' no value whatever had been received for it. Mr. Ellison, on looking at the correspondence, and the application if he had been to Gloucester-place, as the writer said he had been to see the solicitor of the firm mentioned above. A description of them was circulated, and Mr. Newcombe was so excited at the time that he was very impudent. When he was calm, however, he gave a better description, and going on the "other side," witness went that morning to the Duke of York's Tavern, King-street Westminster, and saw the two prisoners drinking in front of the bar. He pushed open the door and said, "Gentlemen, mind your posting," witness looking at anybody or mentioning a name. Steinbrenner immediately came out of the house and asked him to leave for such a speed, and after a little inquiry witness took him, and his companion was apprehended directly afterwards in answer to the magistrate. witness said Mr. Newcombe was in Berlin, but he would immediately telegraph and write to him. He felt sure he had the right man. He did not know Steinbrenner or knew Burdett well. He was a notorious little sharper, and companion of Kingborough, the self-styled skullduggery who always came home from four years' penitentiary for fraud. Burdett was beginning nothing about it, and Steinbrenner was quieted in ignorance. He dwelt in the time in the German Hospital at the time of the robbery, and was a well-known man. There was no trading the note, as might lay claim to a sum with it being remanded. It had been sold in front of the Exchange. Prices were remanded. It will be remanding to take bail in £200 for each of them, with twenty-four hours' notice.

CATION TO APPARITIONS.—William Norman Jackson, a strapping young fellow, was brought before Mr. Addison, on a warrant granted by him for absconding himself from his duties as an apprentice to Benjamin Norris. The complainant, who is a candle maker near the court, said he was induced to take the young man as an apprentice under the belief that he was a respectable youth, but for the last two months his conduct has been disgraceful and bad. As often as possible he broke the handle of a chisel, and hurt his hand. He went to Dr. Burchall and told him that a piece of the tool was in his hand, believing which the doctor advised that he should go to the hospital. He (witness) also wished him to do so, and advised him to come on the following day, if only to state the extent of the injury. He did not come for several days, and then with a short pipe in his mouth. When told that he (witness) had been to the doctor and to the hospital, and disordered that he had not been to the latter place he began the most virulent abuse, and said, "It's like your impudence to go to my medical man: what do you mean by it?" He demanded payment of two days' wages owing to him, and said, "I shan't come here again. You'd like to catch me at it." He further observed that he would not be ordered away by any magistrate at Worship-street and set every body at defiance. Upon this a summons was procured; it was unnotified, and when a warrant was granted, upon which process he was taken the previous night. Defendant who could not offer any reasonable excuse for his gross misconduct, was told by the magistrate that he would bid the law too strong for him. He would be sent for fourteen days to prison, and if any future complaint were made by the master did not live at that address, but letters were received there for him. Mr. Abbott Poole, an inspector of the company's police, said that he was first called to the prisoner by the law, who suddenly shewed an intoxication, and fell on the platform. When last witness found him he was perfectly sober. In answer to the charge the prisoner said he was a clog-grammarian of the Church of England, but unfortunately lately he had been in very straited circumstances. On Saturday morning he went to visit a friend at Kensington, and after leaving him he proceeded to Knightsbridge, at the latter place he, unfortunately, drank too much on an empty stomach, which took a sudden effect on him. He, however, walked to the London-brigade Station, for the purpose of proceeding to Blackheath, and while waiting for the train he went to the bookstall to look over the books (a very common occurrence) and took up the book in question. He opened it and started him with a lamp to examine it, when the boy came up and snatched it and started him with it, having no such intention, and the seriousness of the charge had such an effect on him that he fell down and was unconscious for some time. Mr. Woolrych: Then you deny stealing the book? Prisoner: I do, sir. I had no intention of stealing it. Mr. Woolrych: Thank you are admitted for trial; but I will accept bail for your appearance at the sessions. The prisoner not being provided with the required audience was committed to Wormesley-gate.

SOUTHWARK.—ANOTHER RAILWAY OUTRAGE.—Charles Lupton, wholesale paper-dealer, Russell-street, Bermondsey, and Woodside, Croydon, was remanded by Mr. G. Pepler (the Superintendent of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company's police), under the by-laws, for unlawfully interfering with the comfort of the passengers in a first-class carriage at the London-station to remand. Miss Fanny Wimhurst, residing with her mother in Paragon-street, Croydon, said that about nine o'clock on the night of the 7th inst. she arrived at the London-brigade Terminus of the railway, for the purpose of returning to Croydon. She was in the act of entering a first-class carriage, when the defendant jumped up from one of the seats and said, "Come along, my dear, I am waiting for you." The witness, not having any knowledge of him, was about to get out of the carriage when he seized her by the wrist and pulled her back. In struggling to get away from him, he tore her dress and almost grossly injured her. She got into another carriage, almost fainting; and before she could give any information of the insults she received the train started. There were a lady and gentleman in the compartment, and as soon as she recovered herself she told them all that had occurred. When the train arrived at Sydenham she gave to that passenger an account of all that had occurred, and when at Sydenham she gave to that passenger an account of all that had occurred, and told the defendant out as the offender. The defendant, addressing the prosecutor said, "I took hold of your hand to help you in the carriage, as I may have touched you first." Mr. Woolrych (to the young lad): Did you require any assistance? Defendant: Dad did, sir. Charles Lupton, the guard of the train in question, said he received information from a passenger who got out at Newcross that a lady had been grossly injured by a man in one of the first-class carriages. On the arrival of the train at Sydenham the witness spoke to the lady, and the defendant was pointed out in the next compartment. The passenger who was with the prosecutor told him that unless he reported him he should make a report of the circumstances to the directors. The witness then asked the defendant why he had committed so gross an offence, and he denied that he had done so. Mr. Woolrych asked if he was sober? Witness replied that he was not. On the arrival of the train at the Norwood junction he told him of it again, when he made use of very disgusting words and threatened to strike him. When he spoke to the prosecutor he pitiful and upper dress was torn. Mr. Woolrych observed that he informed the summons from last week for the attendance of the gentleman who gave him the information. Was he in an audience? Witness replied that he was not. Under no consideration he neglected to take down his name and address, and they had not since been able to see him. Mr. Woolrych asked what the young lad told him? Witness replied that he said as soon as he got into the carriage the defendant seized her wrist and was going to Croydon. She told him she was, when he said, "All right; I have been looking for you; come along." He then took hold of her, pulled her out, and almost beat the prosecutor. The defendant said the "I did it with the view of assisting the prosecutor to get into the carriage and to touch her in a rude manner or to show her class; it was an aside." He concluded that he had been treated in a very rough, unkindly manner by the railway authorities in the present proceedings, as he suggested his willingness to make any apology to the lady. Mr. Woolrych said that the assault was a very serious one. Unfortunately, no could only deal with the charge according to the summons under the by-laws of the railway. Therefore he imposed a penalty of £1 and costs.

PASSENGERS WITH MANY ALIAS.—Henry Field, alias Sheffield Harry, alias Flash Harry, and Catherine Field, alias Kate Upson, well known convicts and thieves, were brought before Mr. Barnard charged with assaulting

Freddy W. as a disturbance him of 15s. The prosecutor said he is a little below twelve o'clock. He was with his son proceeding to a friend's house. While he was endeavouring to pass through a crowd collected outside a public-house on Newington-green-way, the female prisoner came in front of him and struck him in the face with her umbrella. The male prisoner then rushed up, and seized him by the throat endeavoured to pull him back wards. The witness had a gold watch and chain in his waist-pocket and a watch-chain to the outside hole, and, suspending the prisoner intended to strangle him, he caught hold of them with his right hand. While in the man's grasp the woman came up, took two half-crowns from one of his waist-pockets. The man smote the other off his shirt, and then they both ran off. The witness was too weak to run after them, and he was assisted home. On the previous night at about eight o'clock, the witness received information that the prisoners had just entered a house a few doors from his own, consequently he communicated with a constable and proceeded there, and they were both found and took into custody. A cross-examination by Mr. Brooks, who appeared for the prisoners, indicated that the woman had been in his company. The complainant's son, a young man about eighteen, said that he was going home a little behind his father, and when passing the Alfred's Head he saw the woman striking him on the head with her umbrella. His father tried to ward off the blow, when the man came up and seized him by the throat, and struck him several times. The witness said the woman put her hand into his father's waistcoat-pocket, and he then called out to her to desist. The witness said he was sober, and that he did not attempt to take liberties with the woman. However had been in their company. 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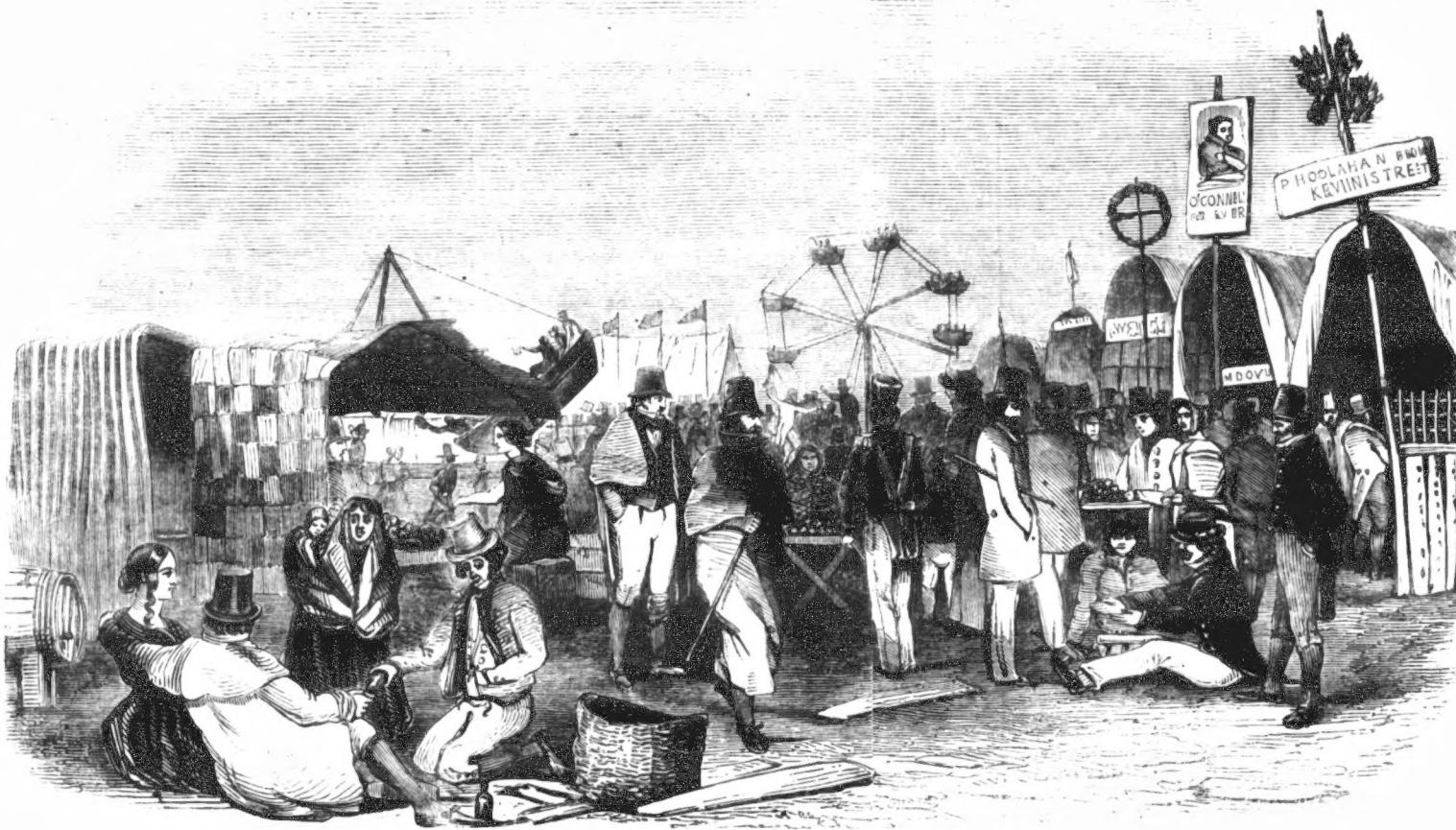
SKETCHES FROM IRELAND.



A BETTER-CLASS BEDROOM. (See page 301.)



INTERIOR OF A BETTER-CLASS CABIN. (See page 301.)



DONNYBROOK FAIR.

SKETCHES IN IRELAND.

We have elsewhere given further particulars of the Fenian movement in Ireland. We now present our readers with two sketches of Irish interiors. Both of these represent the better class of Irish dwellings, though there is the same characteristics of the pig and the poultry occupying the "parlour." The bed-room scene shows Pat in deep meditation. Is he contemplating joining the Fenians, or is he considering that the supply of potatoes at his bed's head is but a scanty provision for the approaching winter? It may be both questions, however, which are now puzzling the brain of poor Paddy. We must leave our readers to put their own construction on his thoughts. We are satisfied in introducing him as a genuine sketch of a somewhat elderly "broth of a boy."

DONNYBROOK FAIR.

In an air to this moment popular in Ireland, and not unfrequently sung in English music-halls, the inquiring world is informed that the sons of Erin are to be seen "in their glory" at Donnybrook Fair only; the said glory consisting in a tendency to greet a friend with personal violence in the best spirit imaginable. Melice and hatred are "not to be found" in the heart of a gentleman who sports a sprig of shillelagh and a neat Barcelona by way of opera tie. He commits the assault out of pure love, fighting comes into the same category with drinking and marrying; and no girl (small compliment to their discernment!) is able to resist his attractiveness.

Alas for the blessings of intemperance!—alas for the honours

and glories of Donnybrook!—Father Mathew fairly extinguished the ancient spirit of good-humoured discord and brutal friendliness. The fair is as stupid and orderly, as decent and moral as a fancy mart for evangelical pinchions. The shrines at which the rade and violent worshipped, and before which the inebriate incessantly prostrated themselves, are deserted. Neither St. John's Well nor the Brook present the scenes for which they were once d' gracefully remarkable. A great change has come over the social character of the Irish, and the grand locality of their ancient saturnalia presents the most striking evidence of the wholesome transformation. The Donnybrook Fair which opened last week, and of which we give an illustration above, passed off even more orderly than some of our English fairs.

Literature.

THE MYSTERIOUS SKETCH.

[From "Chambers's Journal."]

NEARLY opposite the church of St. Sebald in Nuremberg stands an ancient inn, narrow and lofty, with an indented gable, small dusty casements, and the roof surmounted by a plaster image of the Virgin. Many years ago, when beginning the world as a young artist, I took up my abode in this quaint habitation. I had come to Nuremberg in order to study the works of the old masters; but, my funds running short, I was obliged to take portraits—and such portraits! Stout old ladies, each with her cat on her lap; rosy burgomasters, wiggled and cocked-hatted, all plentifully and impartially illuminated with ochre and vermilion.

At length this resource began to fail; and mine host, who at first had been all civility, began to importune me in a somewhat insolent manner for the amount of my bill. One evening as I was passing up stairs to my attic, Master Rapp called after me: "Hallo! youngster, when are you going to pay me? Your bill now amounts to one hundred and sixty florins, ten kreuzers. Pray, when am I likely to see the colour of your money?"

I muttered some sort of indistinct reply, and hastening to my room, locked the door, and threw myself, dressed as I was, on my bed. Evolving my miserable position in my mind, all the genuine feeling for art, all the high aspirations after excellence which had hitherto buoyed me up, seemed to forsake me, and a sordid, hungry craving for money took their place. At length my eyes grew heavy, and my thoughts confused, and I slept profoundly for some hours. About two o'clock, I awoke in a strange sort of excitement. Having lighted my lamp, I seized a piece of paper and a crayon, and drew a rapid sketch, in the Dutch style, feeling all the time as if the composition was not mine, but as if each stroke was suggested by some one, who merely used my hand and pencil as unconscious and unwilling instruments. The sketch thus traced represented a gloomy court, surrounded by lofty but crumbling walls, which were furnished with large books at the height of seven or eight feet from the ground. On the left was a trellis of lath, through which one saw an ox cut in quarters, suspended by pulleys from the roof of a shed. Streams of blood flowed across the pavement, and met in a trench filled with refuse and rubbish. At one end of the court was a cart-house, through the open door of which were seen a pile of wood and some bundles of straw. Pieces of ragged rope, an old hen-coop, and a broken rabbit-hutch littered the foreground. On the right, one corner of the sketch remaining blank, I hesitated what to put there; something seemed to move, to hover around it. Suddenly a foot turned up and detached from the ground appeared to my mind's eye. Following the inspiration, I sketched on rapidly, but beneath my crayon grew a leg joined to the foot, then a floating garment, at length the entire figure of an old woman, pale, emaciated, with dishevelled hair, thrown down against the low parapet of a well, and struggling against a hand which clutched her throat.

I was drawing the scene of a murder; the crayon fell upon my hand. I shuddered as I looked at the woman's face, contracted by

terror, while both her hands convulsively grasped the arm of her murderer. But his face, I saw it not, it was hidden from me as by some veiling shadow—I could not finish the sketch.

"I am fatigued," I said, passing my hand over my damp forehead; "to-morrow I will finish the design; there remains but one figure to put in."

Hastily undressing, I went to bed, and before five minutes had elapsed, I was sunk in a profound slumber. When I awoke, it was broad daylight. I hastened to dress, and was preparing to resume my task, when I heard two knocks at the door.

"Come in!"

The door opened, and a tall old man, dressed in black, stood at threshold.

"Herr Heinrich Kappf, the painter?" said he.

He bowed his head, and said, introducing himself, "Baron Frederick von Spreckdahl."

That the rich amateur Von Spreckdahl, who was also judge of the criminal tribunal, should condescend to visit my poor attic, was indeed an unlocked-for event. I cast an embarrassed glance at the mean, scanty furniture, the low ceiling, and the worm-eaten floorboards; but my visitor seemed to pay no attention to these details. Seating himself near my table, "Herr Kappf," he said, "I—"

At this moment his eyes fell on the unfinished sketch, and he gazed at it fixedly for several moments.

"Are you the author of this drawing?" he asked, looking at me with the same attention which he had bestowed on my work.

"I am, sir."

"What is its price?"

"I do not sell my sketches; it is merely a design for a painting," "Ah!" said he, taking up the paper delicately with the tips of his long, yellow fingers; and with the aid of his eye-glass, he studied the sketch closely.

A ray of sunshine entered obliquely through the small dormer window. Von Spreckdahl's long nose became more hooked, and his thick eyebrows contracted, lending a sinister expression to his lean, wrinkled face. The silence was so profound, that I heard distinctly the plaintive buzzing of a fly caught in a spider's web.

"And the dimensions of this painting, Herr Kappf?" said he at last, without looking up.

"Four feet by three."

"Its price?"

"Fifty ducats."

My visitor laid the sketch on the table, and drew from his pocket a long, well-filled purse of green silk. "Fifty ducats," he repeated; "there they are."

And throwing down the pieces, the baron saluted me, and was gone, before I had sufficiently recovered from my amazement to utter word of thanks. I heard his walking-stick strike on each stair as he descended, and I ran down quickly after him. But when I reached the door of the inn he was already gone; I looked up and down the street, but he was not to be seen.

"Well, this is odd enough," I muttered; and having remounted the five flights of stairs, I sat down at the table, brightened by the unwonted gleam of gold, and resolved to finish the sketch without delay; a few more touches of the crayon were all that was required.

But these few touches, try as I would, I could not give. I had lost the clue to the design; the mysterious personage would not come out of the limbo of my brain. It was of no use to draw and efface, and draw again, and retouch; the creature of my pencil was as discordant with his surroundings as one of Raphael's figures would be in a village alehouse by Teniers. I threw down my crayon in despair, and the perspiration stood in large drops on my forehead. At that moment Rapp opened the door, and entered abruptly: he stood transfixed at the sight of the pile of ducats.

"Ha! ha! I have caught you, master painter," he cried; "tell me again that you have no money!"

Enraged at the man's look and inopportune entrance, I suddenly seized him by the shoulders and dashed him violently outside the door. The landing-place was very narrow; he missed his footing, and rolled down several stairs, shouting, as he bumped along, "My money, you rascal—my money!"

Breasting into my room, I locked and double-locked the door, while bursts of laughter from the other lodgers saluted Herr Rapp's downward progress. This little adventure roused me: I resumed my crayon, and was in the act of making another attempt on the impracticable corner of the sketch, when a clash of arms grounded on the pavement opposite caught my ear. I looked out of the window, and saw several policemen, fully armed, stationed, and keeping guard outside.

"The old villain, Rapp," I thought; "can he have met any serious injury?"

Confused voices, and heavy steps mounting the stairs: my door was violently shaken.

"In the name of the law, open!"

Trembling, though I scarce knew why, I obeyed. Two muscular hands instantly grasped my collar, and a fat little man in green uniform, who smelt strongly of beer, came close to me and said, "Heinrich Kappf, I arrest you."

"For what crime?" I inquired, as I recognised the chief of police.

"Come along," he cried roughly, and made a sign to one of his men to handcuff me.

Resistance of course was useless. I was effectually secured, and conveyed down stairs by some of the party; while the others ransacked my room in every corner, prodding the furniture, and turning over on the floor my poor wardrobe and other scanty possessions. My captor thrust me into a covered carriage, and two of them entered after me, and took their places one on each side.

"What have I done?" I inquired again.

"Hans," said one of them to the other, with a sour smile, "he asks what he has done!"

Soon a dark shadow enveloped us, as the carriage rolled under the gloomy archway which leads to the Rapsel Hans, or city prison. The gaoler, with a grey woolen cap on his head, and a short pipe between his lips, received me from my conductors, and having silently introduced me into a cell, locked and barred the door, and left me to my reflections.

The room was small, but tolerably clean, and the walls being newly whitewashed, presented no inscriptions or drawings, save a rude sketch of a gibbet, probably executed by my predecessor. It was lighted by a small window, nine or ten feet from the ground, and the furniture consisted of a bundle of straw and a bucket.

I seated myself on the straw, and remained, I know not how long plunged in a gloomy reverie. What if the fall down stairs had inflicted some mortal injury on my landlord? The fellow was a miser and insolent; but, after all, he had done nothing to justify his receiving such rough treatment at my hands. What would be the upshot of it all? While revolving this uncomfortable question, the door grated on its hinges; my gaoler appeared, and desired me to follow him. Two turnkeys placed themselves one at each side of me, and we walked on. We traversed gloomy corridors, feebly lighted by interior windows. I saw behind a grating a noted robber and assassin, who was sentenced to be executed on the following morning. He wore a strait-waistcoat, and was singing with a hoarse voice, "I am the King of these Mountains."

As I passed he shouted to me, "Ha, comrade, I'll keep a place for you to-morrow on my right!"

The turnkeys looked at each other with a sinister smile, and my flesh crept with horror.

I was conducted into a gloomy sort of judgment-hall, at the upper end of which were seated two judges, one of them being my late visitor, Von Spreckdahl. A clerk employed in tickling his ear with the feather of his pen, sat before a table.

Von Spreckdahl, raising his voice, addressed me: "Heinrich Knauf, how did you become possessed of this drawing?" He showed me the nocturnal sketch; I examined it, and replied, "It was done by me."

There was a silence, and the clerk wrote down my reply.

I thought within myself, "What is the meaning of this? What connection can the sketch have with my passing Rapp down stairs?"

"It was done by you," repeated Von Spreckdahl. "What is the subject of it?"

"It was a fancy sketch."

"You have not copied the details from any painting or engraving?"

"No, sir; I invented them all."

"Prisoner," said the judge, in a severe tone, "I advise you to reflect. Do not lie."

I reddened with anger, and said emphatically, "I have spoken the truth."

"Write, clerk," said Von Spreckdahl.

"And this woman," continued he, "who is being assassinated at the edge of a well, have you imagined her figure also?"

"Certainly."

"You never saw her?"

"Never."

With an indignant gesture, Von Spreckdahl rose from his chair, then resuming his seat, he appeared to pant in a low tone with his colleagues.

"Wh can it be all about? What have I done?" murmured I to myself.

Addressing my guards, Von Spreckdahl said: "Conduct the prisoner to the carriage. We are going to the Meizer Straße. Heinrich Knauf," he continued, "you are pursuing a deplorable path. Consider that if the justice of men is inflexible, the mercy of God may yet be obtained by a full confession of your crime."

I could not reply, I felt as if under the influence of some frightful dream, and prepared to follow my guards in silence.

Two policemen and I entered the carriage, which rolled along through several rooms. One of my guards took out his snuff-box, and offered a pinch to his companion. Mechanically, I also extended my finger and thumb towards the box, but its owner drew it back with a gesture of aversion, and quickly replaced it in his pocket.

I felt the hot tingling blood mount to my forehead, but before I could speak, the carriage stopped. One of the policemen got out while the other held me, fastened as I was, by the collar, until, seeing his comrade ready to receive me, he thrust me rudely out.

All these precautions to secure my person augured no good, but just then I was given no time for reflection. My guards hurried me along a narrow, filthy alley, bounded by high walls, and through which trickled a cold stream of some thick dark liquid. Arrived at the end, they opened a door, and pushed me before them into a square court. During our progress, a strange horror had taken possession of me, not arising from the uncertainty and mystery of my position, but rather like the effect of nightmare. I seemed to be walking in a frightful dream, seeing and acting without my own volition, and under a haunting conviction of the unreality of all the objects around. But this horror became very tangible and real when I looked around the place where I now found myself. There was the very identical court which I had drawn the night before—the walls furnished with hooks, the broken hen-coop, the rabbit-hutch; not a single detail, not even the most trifling, was wanting!

Beside the well stood the two judges, Von Spreckdahl and Röchter. At their feet lay the corpse of the old woman, her long grey hair dishevelled, her face livid, her eyes starting from her head, and her tongue protruding from between her clenched teeth. It was a horrid spectacle.

"Prisoner!" said Von Spreckdahl, in a solemn voice, "have you got anything to say?"

I made no answer.

"Do you acknowledge that you threw this woman, Theresa Becker, into this well, after having strangled her and taken possession of her money?"

"No," I cried—"no! I do not know this woman; I never saw her until now. May God help me!"

"It is enough," said he, in a dry tone; and then, without adding another word, he and his colleague took their departure.

My guards conducted me back to the Kaspe Haus, and left me alone in my cell. I fell into profound stupor, and when but half aroused from it, my conscience awoke to a sort of morbid activity, and I began to ask myself if I had not really assassinated the old woman? Ah, the horrors of that night in prison! Seated on my bundle of straw, I watched a moonbeam struggling through the narrow window, and lighting up the silent outline of the gibbet on the opposite wall. I heard the wretched woman crying through the silence of the night, "Sleep, inhabitants of Nuremberg; the Lord watches over you! One o'clock—two o'clock—three o'clock!" People say that it is better to suffer death as an innocent man than as a guilty one, and as regards the state of the soul, it certainly is; but the poor, injured body, suffering unjustly, rebels, and its transports of reviving horror at its undeserved, inevitable fate are terrible.

Day dawned, and slowly lighted up my gloomy prison. The window looked on the street. It was a market-day, and I heard the rolling of the carts laden with fruit and vegetables. I could distinguish the cackling of the live poultry, and the animated discourse of the butter-women. As the morning advanced, the noise became greater, and the buzz and movement of life around me seemed to restore courage to my heart. I felt an irresistible desire to see what was going on around me, and to look once more on the faces of my fellow-men.

My predecessors in the cell, animated, no doubt, by a like desire, had scooped holes in the wall, to facilitate their mounting to the widow. I climbed up and holding the bars, managed to seat myself on the narrow ledge. Once there, I gazed entranced on the crowd, the life, the movement; tears flowed down my cheeks; I felt an intense longing for life as life, simply to breathe, and move, and feel the sun. "Ah!" I exclaimed, "to live—only to live! Let them sentence me to hard labour; let them assign a weight to my leg. What does it matter, provided only that I live!"

The quaint old market on Weißgerberstrasse offered a gay and animated spectacle. The peasant-women in their Bavarian costumes were seated behind their baskets of eggs, fruit, and vegetables, and their cages filled with poultry; butchers with naked arms were

chopping meat on their blocks; peasants with their large-brimmed hats set far back on their heads, leaned on their stout holly-sticks, and smoked their pipes. The chattering, animated scene captivated my attention, and, to spite of me, instigated my thoughts from my sad situation. As I continued to gaze on the crowd, a butcher passed by, his basket bent under the weight of an enormous quarter of beef which he bore on his shoulders. His arms were bare, his elbows raised, his head bent down in front. His hair falling down in a measure concealed his face, and yet at the first glance I shuddered. "It is he!" I exclaimed inwardly.

All my blood flew back to my heart. I leaped from the window down into my prison, shivering, my teeth chattering, while the rattling blood flowed back again, and mounted hotly to my cheeks and forehead.

"It is he! He is there—there—and I—I must die to expiate his crime! O my God, help me! What am I to do?"

A sudden idea, an inspiration as I believe, from heaven, darted through my mind. I put my hand into my coat-pocket, and found my case of crayons. Rushing to the clean white-washed wall, I sketched the scene of the murder with marvellous force and rapidity. No more uncertainty, no more wavering attempts. I knew the man who gasped the luckless woman's throat; I saw him, as if he were sitting to me for his portrait. At ten o'clock, the gaoler entered my cell.

"What is this?" he said, looking with surprise at my sketch.

"Go, ask my judges to come hither," I cried, still pursuing my work with feverish ardour.

"They await you in the Hall of Judgment," replied he.

"Tell them to come; I have a disclosure to make," said I, as I put the finishing-touch to the murderer's fingers. It looked as if it lived and breathed; foreshortened on the wall, the features stood out with wonderful force and reality.

The gaoler went out, and in a few minutes the two judges appeared. With my hand extended, and trembling in every limb, I said to them, "Behold the assassin!"

Von Spreckdahl carefully and quietly examined the sketch. "His name?" he inquired.

"I know it not," I replied; "but at this moment he is in the market, eating up meat at the third stall on the left, as you enter from the Trautwein Straße."

"What do you advise?" said the judge to his colleague.

"That we should instantly send for the man," replied he, in a grave tone.

Stepping out into the corridor, he gave his orders to the policemen stationed there. During their absence, the two judges remained standing, contemplating the sketch. Suffering from strong reaction, I sank on the ground, and buried my head between my knees.

Soon steps resounded from afar along the vaulted passages. Those who have not waited for the hour of deliverance, and counted the minutes, then as long as centuries—those who have not felt the poignant emotions of suspense, terror, hope, and doubt—they cannot conceive the sharp agony of that moment. I could have distinguished the footstep of the murderer, marching between his guards, from a thousand others. They approached; the judges themselves appeared moved. I raised my head, and my heart felt as though it were grasped by an iron hand. My eyes were fixed on the closed door. It opened—the man entered. His cheeks were red and swollen; his large jaws were contracted, causing the muscles to stand out even up to his ears; and his small, restless, tawny-coloured eyes sparkled beneath a pair of thick reddish eyebrows.

Von Spreckdahl silently showed him the sketch. Then this powerful, sanguine-complexioned man turned pale—pale as death. Uttering a roar which startled us all, he opened his immense arms, and bounding back wards, succeeded in overthrowing two of his guards. There was a terrific struggle in the corridor; we could hear the panting respiration of the batcher, deep imprecations, broken words, and the stamping and shuffling of many feet. At length the assassin was led in, his head sunk on his breast, his eyes closed; his limbs firmly fettered. Again he looked fixedly at the drawing on the wall, seemed to reflect, and muttered, as if to himself, "What then, could have seen me—at midnight?"

I was saved.

Many years have gone by since that terrible adventure. Thank heaven, I have no longer occasion to dread the importunities of creditors, or to draw the portraits of burgomasters. I have gained for myself a recognised place in the great world of art. But the recollection of that strange nocturnal sketch has never become less vivid; sometimes I lay aside my brush and palette, and muse on it for hours together.

How was it that a crime committed by a man whom I did not know, in a place which I had never seen, was reproduced by my pencil, even in its minutest details? Was it by chance? No. And yet, after all, what is chance but the effect of some cause which escapes us? Perhaps Sobille was right when he said, "The immortal soul does not share in the exhaustion of matter: during the sleep of the body she unfolds her wings, and flies forth, God knows whither! What she then does, none can tell, but inspiration now and then bears the secret of her nocturnal wanderings." Who knows? Nature is more daring in her realities than Imagination in her fancies.

DR LIVINGSTONE IN BOMBAY.

[From the *Bombay Times* Sept 15.] AMONG the passengers from Europe who arrived in the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer *Bassar* on the 11th instant, was Dr. Livingstone, the celebrated African traveller. The doctor is about to engage in another exploring expedition into the interior of Africa, and has come to Bombay for the purpose of making some preliminary preparations. The scope of his explorations will be that tract of territory extending between the region which he has already explored and that discovered by Captain Speke. He will commence his travels by following the course of the river Rovuma, which is in about ten degrees south latitude—towards the north to Lake Nyassa, and then to the south to the Tanganika. Dr. Livingstone has already explored the Rovuma for about 150 miles; but from that point towards the west the country is as yet unknown. The object of the doctor's expedition is partly to open up the country for the purpose of commerce, but partly to carry out the wishes of the Geographical Society of London, by exploring the watershed of Zambesi and the district visited by Captain Speke. The latter object possesses great interest in the estimation of the geographers, and they are desirous of ascertaining whether the lakes discovered by Speke, Grant, and Baker are not supplied by water flowing still further from the south than from any sources yet discovered. The party composing the expedition will be a small one, and in all probability will be composed almost entirely of natives. It is not unlikely, indeed, that the doctor may select a few of the natives of this country to accompany him, but this will be determined by circumstances. It is expected that the party will start about the end of October. Dr. Livingstone had an interview with his excellency the Governor of Bombay, and although the nature of this has, of course, not transpired, yet there is little doubt that every facility will be offered to the doctor to carry out his project to a successful issue. The doctor, who is the guest of Mr. L. Tracy, Esq., proceeds to Nassick in the course of a day or two, afterwards to Poona, where he will stay for some time.

DR LIVINGSTONE IN BOMBAY.

[From the *Bombay Times* Sept 15.]

AMONG the passengers from Europe who arrived in the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer *Bassar* on the 11th instant, was Dr. Livingstone, the celebrated African traveller. The doctor is about to engage in another exploring expedition into the interior of Africa, and has come to Bombay for the purpose of making some preliminary preparations. The scope of his explorations will be that tract of territory extending between the region which he has already explored and that discovered by Captain Speke. He will commence his travels by following the course of the river Rovuma, which is in about ten degrees south latitude—towards the north to Lake Nyassa, and then to the south to the Tanganika. Dr. Livingstone has already explored the Rovuma for about 150 miles; but from that point towards the west the country is as yet unknown. The object of the doctor's expedition is partly to open up the country for the purpose of commerce, but partly to carry out the wishes of the Geographical Society of London, by exploring the watershed of Zambesi and the district visited by Captain Speke. The latter object possesses great interest in the estimation of the geographers, and they are desirous of ascertaining whether the lakes discovered by Speke, Grant, and Baker are not supplied by water flowing still further from the south than from any sources yet discovered. The party composing the expedition will be a small one, and in all probability will be composed almost entirely of natives. It is not unlikely, indeed, that the doctor may select a few of the natives of this country to accompany him, but this will be determined by circumstances. It is expected that the party will start about the end of October. Dr. Livingstone had an interview with his excellency the Governor of Bombay, and although the nature of this has, of course, not transpired, yet there is little doubt that every facility will be offered to the doctor to carry out his project to a successful issue. The doctor, who is the guest of Mr. L. Tracy, Esq., proceeds to Nassick in the course of a day or two, afterwards to Poona, where he will stay for some time.

MR JOSEPH EVERTT who expired last week at Greenwich, died worth a quarter of a million of money. Mr. Everett, who was formerly a banker at Warrington, had made no will.

THE LATE SIR J. FRANKLIN'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

A PHILADELPHIA letter, of October 3, says:—"The announcement that Captain C. F. Hall, an American explorer of the Arctic regions, had discovered such traces of Sir John Franklin's expedition as made it probable that at least three of his followers were still alive, has already reached England. In this letter to Mr. Henry Grinnell, of New York, Captain Hall says that three of Sir John Franklin's crew were alive in 1854 eleven years since, and seven years after their shipwreck; that they resided among the Eskimos; and that he would make every possible effort to discover further traces of them. Captain Hall sailed from New London, Connecticut, in June, 1864, and his letter was written on the 10th of December following. He had then but fairly begun his explorations, and as he was equipped for a stay of from twenty-four to thirty months, there is every reason to believe, if no accident should occur, that he will follow the decisive clue he obtained in December last, and unravel the mystery that has so long defied all our explorers. Captain Hall pursues the exhaustive method of exploration; he traverses the entire country. Before his Arctic travellers did little more than step ashore at some point and pass a few days with a people whose language they did not understand, and of whose customs they knew but little. They were encumbered with large ships, carrying heavy cargoes and unnecessary stores, and set out apparently intending to transplant their mode of life in temperate climates to the region they desired to explore. They failed because of too much 'impedimenta,' their ships were wedged in the ice, their supplies consumed before they began their explorations, and the short northern summer scarcely giving them time to make head-way, they were hardly seaworthy before they were frozen up again. Dr. E. K. Kane first demonstrated that small vessels, with a handful of men, could accomplish more than big ships with large crews; and Captain Hall, carrying this to the extreme, went without any ship or crew. No American accompanied him, and his only vessel is a thoroughly-appointed whaleboat. His supplies consist of clothing and a small amount of food, necessary instruments and books, and an assortment of goods to trade with the Eskimos for food, and to pay those he must use to serve him. He undertook a residence of two years among the Eskimos, to familiarize himself with their language and habits, and having won their confidence, and proved by his first journey that he could live in the Arctic regions, free from undurable sufferings, he has now gone on his search for Sir John Franklin, announcing his purpose to be to make his home among the Eskimos, travelling with them in their annual migrations, and spreading everywhere the knowledge of his object, confident that in this way he can unravel the sad mystery that has defied so many efforts. It is the earnest wish in America, as I am sure it must be in England, that Captain Hall shall be successful in the noble mission to which he has devoted his life."

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS AND THEIR DINNERS.

A MEETING of commercial gentlemen was held at the Hen and Chickens Hotel, Birmingham. The chair was occupied by Mr. J. S. Wright, and there were also present a fair representation of the commercial interests of the town. The object of the meeting was to take into consideration the proposition of the Commercial Travellers' Union as to the abolition of the custom of compulsory wine drinking at the commercial dinners at hotels. The chairman expressed his pleasure at seeing so many gentlemen present. The question they had to consider was a very important one concerning the interests of the trade. From his own experience he could speak of the difficulties which the customs of the dinner-table threw in the way. The total abstinence question had little if nothing to do with the question, and although an abstainer himself, he did not wish to interfere with the habits of other travellers. He well knew the inconveniences of the present drinking customs of the trade, and it was the object of the meeting to obtain a reform in this respect. They wanted such freedom from the drinking customs as was consistent with their common sense, and that they should only be called upon to take what wine or refreshment they required at the dinner-table. Mr. Rainford then moved, "That this meeting approves of the object of the Commercial Travellers' Union, and desires to co-operate with that body in obtaining a reform of the prevailing compulsory custom of wine drinking at commercial dinners." Mr. Jacobs seconded the resolution. Mr. Griffith, as a commercial man for thirty years, did not see any necessity for the present absurd movement. The chairman had endeavoured to show the evils of the custom, but he knew nothing about it, as there were only two houses in the town where they were compelled to take wine. Very few of the landlords at the hotels compelled them to take wine; but if a commercial required a sumptuous dinner he ought to pay for it. The landlords had not been consulted, and there was much more freedom on the subject than there had been some years ago. Mr. Booth spoke upon the subject, and expressed his approval of the abolition of the custom. He should be glad to see some improvement in the custom, still he could not agree with the resolution in its entirety. Several speakers referred to the fact that drinking at dinners at hotels was not at present compulsory upon travellers in some trades—Mr. Bicks stated that those who had written to the papers upon the subject had slandered the commercial body. He must protest against the commercial body being slandered as "wine bibbers." A gentleman suggested that they should hold some further meetings to give the matter further consideration before they passed a formal resolution. An amendment was moved that "the meeting having heard the details of the objects of the Commercial Union, decline to endorse them." The amendment was put, and twenty-six hands were held up in its favour. The original resolution was lost. A vote of thanks to the chairman concluded the meeting.

ELOPEMENT OF A SERGEANT OF POLICE WITH A PUBLICAN'S WIFE.—A rather extraordinary engagement took place at the village of Radford, near Nottingham, on Thursday, the 12th inst., a sergeant of the county police force, named Stevenson, having run away with the wife of Mr. Wall, landlord of the Phoenix public-house, and taking with them £50 belonging to the woman's husband. The circumstances of the affair are somewhat singular. The family of the policeman had been on intimate terms with that of the publican, and in both cases the husbands and wives appeared to live happily together. A day or two ago Mrs. Wall intimated to her husband that she should like to go out of town to see some friends, and she accordingly went, promising to return on Wednesday. When that day arrived Mr. Wall went several times to the railway-station to meet her, but she never made her appearance, and how to account for it he did not know. The reason, however, soon became obvious. Mrs. Stevenson, the wife of the policeman, had been duped by her husband in a similar manner. Under pretence of going to some country "walks," her husband had left home on Thursday morning, promising to return at night. The time passed away, but he did not come, and on Mrs. Stevenson going up stairs she found that all his clothes had been taken away. Being on intimate terms with the Wall family, she went to their house to tell them what had happened, never supposing for a moment that Mrs. Wall had eloped with her husband. When she got there it was soon made known what had occurred, and on a search being made the sum of £50 was found to have been taken away. Mrs. Stevenson is left with four little children. Mr. Wall had not long been married. Sergeant Stevenson had been connected with the county forces for more than ten years.

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One of the best lessons a father can give his son is this: "Work, strengthen your moral and mental faculties as you would strengthen your muscles by vigorous exercise. Learn to conquer circumstances; you are then independent of fortune. The men of athletic minds, who left their marks on the years in which they lived, were all trained in a rough school. They did not mount their high position by the help of leverage; but, leaped into chasms, grappled with the opposing rocks, avoided avalanches, and, when the goal was reached, felt that but for the toil that had strengthened them as they strove, it could never have been attained."

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